# GRAIL



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# The Grail

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## THE GRAIL

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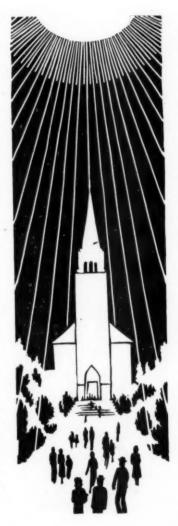
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# Peace to Men of Good Will

H. C. McGinnis

NE NIGHT, about nineteen hundred years ago, shepherds tending their flocks near Bethlehem of Judea heard a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and promising peace on earth to men of good will. This promised peace was not to come automatically with the birth of the Savior which took place that night. Nor was it to come to all men indiscriminately. It was promised to "men of good will."

Today there is very little peace in the world. Not only is there a lack of peace among men, but there is also a lack of peace within men. Of the world's billions of people, only a fraction enjoy that inner peace which the world in itself can neither produce nor destroy. In general, the hearts of men are sorely troubled. The "brave new world" for which mankind has been hoping and fighting seems destined to be the same old world, full of hatred, strife, selfishness and materialism. About the only difference visible now between it and the world which mankind had hoped to leave behind is that the "brave new world" requires much more bravery to live in it.



Men cry "Peace! Peace!" but there is no peace. Why? Since peace on earth was promised to men of good will, the answer must be that there are not enough men who practice good will. In a civilization which calls itself "Christian," there must be literally millions who profess a high praise for Christ, yet fail to take the principles He taught for their own. On Christmas Day the world will again make a great display of honoring the Teacher. yet it will foolishly continue to reject the Teachings. In this we are guilty of a destructive stupidity: for even those who scorn Christ and scoff at His divinity still are forced to admit, and frequently do, that a world run according to His teachings would be a wonderful place in which to live. Yet every person, whether or not he likes it, is subject to Christ, the Savior-God. Man may willfully disobey His teachings, but this disobedience does not exempt him from the punishment which follows. Even though we Americans call ourselves a "moral nation," we must admit that our national morality is no more than a secular form of morality. It definitely is not Christian morality, which is guided by the dictates of spiritual revelation. The morality which guides mankind in the Creator's pattern for both individuals and society must be that morality which is inspired by Christian

teachings and divine revelation. A as our national leaders began to morality which owes no allegiance to a personal God lacks the dynamic energy necessary to drive society forward to the achievement of that pattern for temporal life established by the Creator.

as our national leaders began to negotiate the postwar international pattern in the same spirit of Materialism and power-politics which we had formerly accepted, tacitly at least. During the war, we became nature's noblemen; but, un-

TATHY IS IT that we Americans win our wars and yet lose the peace that follows? Twice in a little more than a quarter-century, the American people have gone all-out in a crusade intended to promote world betterment. Twice the result has been bitterly disappointing. In World War I, we Americans rose to splendid heights of idealism as we fought a war intended to end all wars and to bring democratic freedom to all the earth's peoples. Yet we evidently had forgotten that a world is not converted to idealism overnight and we had previously made no preparation by our example to other nations of the morality which we expected to guide the peace. In fact, we had regularly participated in the international power-game, consistently allowing Materialism and its imperialism to name trump. Then when we went on a spree of wartime and postwar idealism, our playmates in powerpolitics thought we had gone off our handle when we demanded a moral peace.

In World War II, we made approximately the same mistake. American hearts were filled with high idealism and the spirit of selfsacrifice as we spent both blood and money freely in the interests of a better world. We raised ourselves from the muck of the everyday Materialism in which we had been living. But, as we did so, we neglected to clear away the muck which had influenced so tremendously the pattern of our national life. Hence, for no good reason at all, if we stop to think about it, we stood disillusioned and somewhat aghast as our national leaders began to negotiate the postwar international pattern in the same spirit of Materialism and power-politics which we had formerly accepted, tacitly at least. During the war, we became nature's noblemen; but, unfortunately, we neglected to change the pattern from which we had emerged temporarily and to which we had to inevitably return. When we returned, speaking of us as a national entity, we returned to the muck. Perhaps we have been too

severe in the condemnation we have meted out to our negotiators in the postwar world. After all, they have only followed the pattern, the concept of life, to which we, as a whole, subscribed. If we did not subscribe openly, we at least gave the appearance of subscribing by our silence, by our lack of protests and activity against a crassly Materialistic and moral pattern of behavior. Hence our negotiators in the international scene followed the pattern to which they were accustomed and which had evidently been acceptable to the nation. A bad tree does not produce good fruit and thistles do not produce grapes. Like produces like; and we cannot expect idealistic concepts of society to rise from Materialism and paganism. If we have won the war only to lose a just peace, it is because we cannot expect justice to rise from a pre-war pattern of daily behavior which was basically selfish and which we failed to change.

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HOWEVER, if a proper pattern of international behavior were to be established today, it in itself would not bring peace and justice. We all too often make the mistake of reforming institutions alone. We think that proper tariffs, fair trade agreements, and agreements covering access to raw materials will alone bring peace. When we seek reform, we almost always seek to reform things outside of man. We spend our time trying to reform institutions and systems, but rarely do we attempt to reform man. Most of man's troubles arise from within himself, not from his outside conditions. It is the heart of man, and not so much his institutions in themselves, that governs society's pattern. The best league of nations the human brain can possibly devise would not function according to expectations unless justice, tolerance

men. Laws against murder do not stop murders. Neither the law nor police can prevent murders. man's heart governs whether or not he will deliberately take the life of a fellow man. Society's betterment does not depend solely upon the reconstruction of social institutions. Rather, as Pius XI told us, "The reconstruction of society must be preceded by a profound renewal of the Christian spirit."

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Peace on earth comes only to men of good will. It will come when mankind purges itself of its pride, its egotism, its selfishness, and its avarice and its intolerance. ciety's reformation must begin with the reformation of mankind. While many of man's social tools are not of the best and could well stand replacement, most of the blame for society's failures lies more with the tools' users than with the tools themselves. For some vague reason, man insists upon trying to fit himself and his destiny to the institutions he has erected, rather than build social institutions which fit him and aid the achievement of his destiny. For example, he foolishly attempts to fit Christianity and its requirements to his social institutions, rather than fit these affairs to Christianity's doctrines. the world needs most is not so much new institutions as the new man, made new in Christ, Christ said practically nothing during ministry against the institutions which He found. The one exception was divorce. He recommended no institutions with the almost sole exception of the institution of an indissoluble marriage. His teachings were directed at and to man himself. Christ was not crucified because He had condemned existing institutions. Herod and Pilate disagreed between themselves as to whether Roman or Jewish institutions should survive. Had Christ taken sides with Jewish institutions as opposed to the Roman, or with the Roman as opposed to the Jewish,

and charity reign in the hearts of He would have found a champion in either Herod or Pilate. When He insisted upon reforming men who would in turn reform all institutions, permitting only the sound and justifiable ones to remain, Herod and Pilate, together with Caiphas, agreed that He should die, each seeking to preserve the institution he represented. Today the man who steps forward with a theory to reform existing institutions, even though it may be a crack-pot one, is often looked upon as a potential world-savior; but the



one who advances the truth that society must be reformed through the people who compose it is scorned and rebuffed, rebuked and reviled. Yet the Gospel plainly teaches that the way to reform the world is to reform man. True, institutions which are patently unjust must be rebuilt along just lines as we go along, but institutions themselves do not have personalities, either good or bad. They merely reflect the personalities of those who operate them. The world's best engine cannot perform satisfactorily on bad gasoline. Neither can a good social structure bring peace and justice when the men who operate it are known for the meanness of their hearts. Save man and you save society; neglect man's soul and you breed paganism's chaos.

"... and on earth peace to men of good will!" How can men become men of good will? Through Christ and Christliness. The most masterful stroke mankind could make for its own peace and happiness would be, on Christmas Day, 1945, to imagine that the world's Savior was being born and then receive Him with open arms, open minds and open hearts. For Christ is the answer to our troubles and woes. Yet, in such a case, the world would not have to wait until its Savior would attain the age of thirty and begin His ministry. Fortunately, on Christmas Day, in 1945, it will have available to it all His teachings in their full maturity. But the reformation of man and his heart will not absorb mankind. Like the hopeful Jews of 33 A.D., men want society's reformation accomplished by a secular king, not a spiritual one. And so, just so long as mankind insists upon remaining wise in its own conceit, just so long must mankind suffer. Our deliverance is at hand. but in our stiff-necked way we refuse to see it. Christmas Day, 1945, should be of far more importance in our minds and hearts than V-E Day or V-J Day, for it can be the real Day of Victory if we will only recognize it. Peace on earth comes only to men of good will and that type of man lives only in Christ.



## Shepherd Boy of Bethlehem

Mary Fabyan Windeatt

Part One

THE STAR



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LEFI was a very little shepherd boy, and not like other children. A sheep dog had bitten him when he was just a baby and he had been lame ever since. Now when he walked it was with queer, short jerks, like an injured bird hopping along the ground. But no one ever heard him complain, not even when the other children gathered in the hills above Bethlehem to play games and to run races. Of course Lefi could play some of the games but never once had he run a race. That was one thing a lame boy could not do. And that was one thing Lefi wanted to do—oh, so very much!

One winter afternoon the boy's father called him into the fields. "Your brother Misael has found work at the inn," he announced. "It seems that they're very busy there these days."

Lefi nodded. Well he knew how busy everyone was in Bethlehem. A decree had gone forth from the Roman Emperor that a census should be taken up throughout his entire domain. Each man, woman and child must go to be registered in the city from which his family originally had come, and during the last few weeks it had seemed to Lefi as though the whole world must have come from Bethlehem. The streets were so full of strangers! And the houses, too. As for the inn—why, there was not even the smallest corner here without a tenant!

\* Note: See announcement on page 378.

"Father, I wish I were big and strong like Misael," the boy said wistfully. "Then I could work at the inn, too, and earn many pennies. That would be a big help to you, wouldn't it?"

The man placed an understanding hand on his young son's shoulder. "You don't have to work at the inn to be of help to me," he said. "I've been thinking things over, and for the little while that Misael's away...and Uncle Joel is sick...."

Nine-year-old Lefi quivered with excitement. Misael and Uncle Joel had charge of the flocks at night. Could it be that he was to take over their work? He, who never in all his life had been on a night watch?

"Oh, Father! You don't mean ..."

"Yes, son. I do mean it. You may go out with me into the hills tonight."

"And have a fire by the oak tree? And a staff to drive away the wolves?"

"That's right. Even more. You may have full charge of the two new lambs. They've been sickly since birth but perhaps special care may save them."

Lefi's eyes glowed. What a wonderful day this was! And how good of his father to give him so much important work!

That night it was cold. High in the hills overlooking Bethlehem Lefi and his father led their flocks. In the darkness the sheep moved like so many ponderous clouds, slow and white, but of the two sick lambs there was no sign. Long ago the young shepherd had decided to carry them under his mantle. He might be a crippled lad, but he had two strong arms and it would be no trouble at all to carry such tiny creatures.

As Lefi limped along, the lambs held close against his heart, a wonderful thought came to him. How fine if he could nurse these little ones to good health! That would be helping his father in a really practical way.

"I'll try to do it," he told himself. "I'll try very

Soon the flocks had reached the top of the hill and a good fire had been built before the big oak tree. Then Lefi's father made ready to leave. He was going to visit Uncle Joel, he said. Perhaps there was something the sick man needed.

"I'll be back in an hour or two, son. You're sure you'll not be afraid up here in the hills by yourself?"

Left shook his head. "Oh, no, Father. I'll be quite all right."

Time passed. Warm and comfortable in his sheepskin mantle, the little shepherd leaned against the big oak tree and looked off dreamily towards the lights of Bethlehem. This very minute Misael was probably bringing food and wine to a dozen hungry travelers, running errands for this one and that, learning what he could of the songs and stories that passed from one table to another. And although he had always longed to have two good legs so that he also might be useful at the inn, now Lefi sighed contentedly and stroked the sleeping lambs beside him.

"I guess I'd rather be here," he told himself.

As the minutes passed, the boy continued to survey the glittering heavens, the dark outlines of the hills, the cluster of lights in the valley below that marked the town of Bethlehem. Then suddenly he jerked to attention. A new star had come into the sky, so large and luminous as to make the other stars seem but pinpricks of light. For a moment it remained where it was, high in the heavens. Then slowly it began to move westward, dropping lower and lower until it came to rest just above a neighboring hill.

Lefi was awestruck. What a beautiful, beautiful sight! And how the rays of the new star lit up the entire countryside! Now where could it have come from? And what did it mean? Yet even as he pondered these things, a stirring voice sounded in his ears and he saw that a majestic figure stood before him, clothed in white garments.

"Fear not," said the mysterious one, "for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people. For this day is born to you a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: you shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger."

Lefi realized that the shining one before him was an angel. But even as this knowledge flashed upon him, his wondering gaze beheld thousands upon thousands of other angels—ranged like a mighty army across the heavens.

"Glory be to God in the highest," these were singing joyfully, "and on earth peace to men of good will!"

The little shepherd was carried out of himself at so much beauty for eye and ear. Then suddenly the multitude of shining ones vanished, and once more the hills were wrapped in silence. Only the new star remained, poised low in the heavens like some rare and glowing jewel.

With difficulty Lefi came to himself. The angel had said that a Saviour had been born, that even now He was lying in a manger. Oh, surely this meant that at last the Messias had come, that finally the Jewish people had a King who would lead them out of bondage....

The boy looked about questioningly, then once more turned his gaze upon the star. By now its rays were falling directly upon a neighboring hill-side, and he clasped his hands expectantly. "That must be where the little Saviour is," he whispered, "over in the cave where I played yesterday...."

At once he was on his way, the lambs held carefully beneath his mantle. But even as he began to limp down the grassy slope, a strange trembling seized him and the lambs, slipping from his hold, fell heavily to the ground. At once he bent forward to rescue them, scarcely able to stand because of the mysterious trembling in his whole body. But even as he looked down at the little creatures they struggled to their feet, then began to run down the hill.

"Why they're not hurt!" he whispered unbelievingly. "They're not hurt at all!"

As he followed his little charges down the hill, Lefi realized that something wonderful had just taken place. The sick lambs were now strong and well, frisking about in the manner of all healthy young animals. Then suddenly he gasped. Something even more wonderful had happened! He, Lefi, was walking as he had never walked before—straight and strong, without the trace of a limp!

Looking about as one in a dream, the boy saw he was only a short distance from the cave. A soft light was glowing inside.

"Run!" whispered a voice within him. "Run, and be the first to greet the newborn King!"

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Part Two

## THE KINGS





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N the days that followed, the story of Lefi's wonderful cure spread throughout the entire countryside. Some scoffed and said that the boy had never really been lame, and that he had only been pretending. Others felt that the injury he had suffered as a baby had gradually healed of itself and that there was nothing unusual about his now being able to walk and run normally. But the shepherd and his young sister Anna knew otherwise. A miracle had happened! The Little Saviour had healed Lefi's lame leg and made the sick lambs well on that wonderful night when He had been born in the cave.

"I don't know why He did these things, but He did," Lefi insisted: "Oh, and I'm so happy! It's just wonderful to be able to walk properly—and to run!"

Anna was as happy as Lefi, and every afternoon she accompanied him when he went to the cave to visit Mary and Joseph and the Little Saviour. But presently she realized that her brother was worried.

"What is it?" she asked anxiously. "Your leg's not lame again, is it?"

Lefi shook his head. "Oh, no. It's all right." "And the lambs are all right, too?"

"Yes. They're getting bigger and stronger all the time."

"Then why do you look so sad? Why aren't you out playing games with the rest of us? Oh, Lefi, there were races this morning and you never even came!"

The boy's eyes clouded. "I know."

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There was silence for a moment. Then Lefi hid his face in his hands. "I wanted to make the Little Saviour a nice present for having cured me," he whispered awkwardly. "But I've thought and thought, and there isn't anything that will do."

Anna breathed a sigh of relief. "Oh, but you don't have to worry about a present, Lefi! Why, the Little Saviour is happy enough just because we come to see Him every day. He smiles and smiles. And Mary and Joseph are happy about our visits, too. I know they don't want any presents."

"But I want to give a present to the Little Saviour, Anna! After all, it's so wonderful to be like other boys, to be able to run and jump...."

Deep in her heart Anna knew that her brother was right. The Little Saviour had given Lefi the great gift of health, and not just for himself but for the two new lambs as well. It was only right that he should try to say "thank you" by making some kind of return gift. But what? After all, the Little Saviour was really the Son of God. He had everything, even though to most people He was but the child of poor parents who had come to Bethlehem for the census-taking.

"Don't you see what I mean?" asked Lefi soberly. "If I had all the money in the world, I still couldn't make the Little Saviour the kind of gift He ought to have."

"You mean, because He's greater than all the money in the world?"

"Yes."

"But there must be something you could give

Him, Lefi-something really nice."

The boy sighed. A few minutes ago Anna had said that there was no need to make a present to the Little Saviour. Now she seemed to have changed her mind.

"You know that Metl is the only thing I own in the whole world," he reminded her quickly, "and I'm pretty sure that the Little Saviour doesn't need a donkey. Oh, but I'd give Metl to Him, Anna! I'd give him in a minute if I thought that he would be nice enough for a present."

Anna shook her head. Of course Metl was a fine beast, strong and patient and willing, and because of him Lefi was able to make frequent deliveries of goat's milk to families in Bethlehem. But as a gift for the Little Saviour? Oh, surely not! Metl was so...so big! So rough and shaggy!

"Maybe I can think of something," she suggested hopefully.

Lefi's eyes brightened. "Maybe you can," he said. That night, the twelfth since the new star had appeared in the sky, the children's father announced that this would be the last time that Lefi would have to take the night watch. Uncle Joel had now recovered from his illness and Misael's employment at the inn had come to an end. Henceforth Lefi could sleep in his bed each night while his older brother and his uncle watched the flocks.

Hearing this, Anna was struck with a sudden inspiration. Perhaps if she were allowed to go with Lefi when he went on the night watch...if the two of them took the flocks to the very place where the angel had appeared... and if they prayed there for help in deciding upon a present for the Little Saviour....

"Father, do say that I may go!" she pleaded. "You know that I've never been out with the sheep at night...and this is Lefi's last time...and the star is so beautiful..."

The children's father was doubtful about granting such a request. It was bad enough that nine-year-old Lefi should have to look after the flocks at an hour when other boys of his age were at home fast asleep. But that his little sister should also go out into the cold and lonely night...and when there was no real need for it....

"Please, Father!" begged Anna again, and there was such longing in her voice that her father relented. "All right," he said, smiling. "You may go this one time. Only I don't want you to catch cold. You'll have to promise that you'll wrap up well and stay by the fire."

Anna nodded eagerly. "Oh, I promise!" she cried. "And thank you, Father! Thank you so much!" That night the two children drove the flocks to

the top of the hill, then built a fire before the big oak tree. Each carried a wooden staff for use in case a wolf should attempt to harm the sheep. But as the minutes passed and all remained peaceful, Anna began to relax.

"The new star is so beautiful," she sighed, gazing up at the golden light that was streaming over the entire countryside. "Lefi, wouldn't you think that all Bethlehem would notice how its rays shine down on the Little Saviour's cave? And wouldn't you think that everyone would be visiting Him these days, especially since the news of your cure?"

A shadow crossed Lefi's face. "People are saying that the Messias would never be born in a cave, only in a palace," he muttered.

"You mean, they don't believe that the Little Saviour's here?"

"No. And even more. They don't believe I was ever a cripple. But you know that I was really and truly lame until twelve nights ago. Then the Little Saviour made me well... and the lambs, too."

Anna clasped her hands. "Of course I know it! And now we're going to think of a gift for you to make Him."

"Yes, we're going to pray very hard. Oh, I'm sure that afterwards we'll think of something really splendid!"

So it was that the two children presently got to their knees and began to recite one of the psalms.

"Incline Thy ear, O Lord, and hear me: for I am needy and poor," said Anna.

"Preserve my soul, for I am holy: save Thy servant, O my God, that trusteth in Thee," replied Lefi.

"Have mercy on me, O Lord, for I have cried to Thee all the day."

"Give joy to the soul of Thy servant, for to Thee, O Lord, I have lifted up my soul..."

Thus the two children prayed, while the fire sent forth its comforting warmth and light. Then suddenly they stopped. Their sharp ears had caught a new sound, and at once they were on their guard. At all costs the sheep must be protected from prowling beasts. But as the minutes passed, the noise continued, Lefi laid down his staff: "That sound doesn't come from wolves," he said. "It comes from a caravan moving down the road."

Anna tilted her head. Caravans of rare silks and spices from the east often passed through Bethlehem on their way to Jerusalem. But they traveled on the highway, not on a lonely country path that cut through a sheep pasture. Then suddenly the little girl ran forward and peered over the edge of the hill. "It is a caravan!" she cried. "And it's coming this way!"

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The boy gave a quick glance to see that all was well with the flocks, then hurried to his sister's side. Yes, Anna was right. By the light of the new star he could see that a good-sized group of horses and camels was making its way up the narrow road below. But surely this was no ordinary caravan, with merchandise for the markets of Jerusalem. The animals were too richly decked, and there were at least fifty servants to tend them. Then suddenly both children gasped with astonishment. The caravan had stopped and three men, clad in royal and colorful garments, were dismounting from their camels. They wore gold crowns upon their heads and before them all the servants prostrated in the dust.

"Why, they must be kings!" whispered Lefi in-

credulously. "But what are they doing here? And where are they going?"

Anna grasped her brother's arm. "Look! The kings are walking toward the Little Saviour's cave! Oh, and Lefi! They're bringing Him presents! Beautiful ones, in gold and silver boxes...."

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It was true. The three kings with a dozen servants had left the caravan and were making their way toward the cave. Under the glowing light of the star their gifts shone rich and priceless.

Abruptly Lefi turned away. It was plain to see that the three men in royal robes had come a great distance to give presents to the Little Saviour. But he, Lefi of Bethlehem, for whom the Little Saviour had done so much, was still empty-handed....



Part Three

## THE GIFT





OON the story of the royal visit had spread throughout the hill country, and everyone knew of the gold, frankincense and myrrh which the high-born strangers had left with Mary and Joseph as gifts for the Little Saviour. Many of the shepherd folk had seen the rich caskets while visiting in the cave. Others had also touched them, marveling at the great wealth beneath their careful fingers. But although he had both seen and touched the wonderful gifts, had rejoiced because wise men from the east had come to adore the Little Saviour, Lefi's heart continued to be heavy. How and when was he going to make his own present?

"Don't look so sad," said Anna one day. "Soon you'll have a really fine gift for the Little Saviour, too."

The boy sighed. "No," he said, and his voice was heavy with discouragement. "Now I know that I'm much too poor to give Him anything worthwhile."

His sister shook her head vigorously. "But Lefi! Remember when I told you that perhaps I could think of a gift?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've thought of one. And it's something that not even the three kings could give!"

The little shepherd looked up in astonishment. What was this? A nine-year-old boy could make a gift that was beyond the power of rich and powerful men?

"You're joking," he said slowly. "Oh Anna! Please, don't!"

"I'm not joking. I have thought of a gift that no one else can make the Little Saviour but you."

"What ... what is it?"

The little girl's eyes were fairly sparkling as she gazed on her brother's puzzled face. "You're sure you can't guess?"

"Of course not."

'All right then. It's this. You can give yourself."

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"You can give yourself. You can promise the Little Saviour that you'll be His servant as long as you live and do whatever work He wishes."

Now Lefi's astonishment was truly great. How could he be the Little Saviour's servant? Why, this would mean leaving Bethlehem and going with Mary and Joseph when they returned home to Nazareth! And surely his father would never permit him to make such a trip—almost seventy miles—out of his own province of Judea, across all of Samaria, and then on into Galilee!

"You don't have to go with the Little Saviour to be His servant," said Anna, reading her brother's thoughts. "It'll be enough just to promise that you'll serve Him here in Bethlehem."

"But that's impossible!"

"Why?"

"Because ... well, because a servant has to be with his master, at least part of the time. Or else how can he know what work there is to do?"

The little girl was silent for a moment. Then she clasped her hands pleadingly. "But Lefi! I know I'm right! Won't you please believe me? And won't you please promise to be the Little Saviour's servant? After all, you do want to do something for Him, don't you?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, make the promise then. The Little Saviour will hear and understand. I just know He will!"

Lefi was not at all convinced that his sister was right, that the mysterious offering of himself would be pleasing to the Little Saviour. Yet in the end he agreed to do as she wished. Kneeling upon the ground and with his face toward the cave, he gave himself into the Little Saviour's keeping. For as long as he lived, and to the best of his ability, he would love and serve Him.

"Oh, I'm so glad you did it!" cried Anna when she heard the news. "At last you've given something really fine, Lefi! Now—aren't you pleased?"

The boy hesitated. "Yes, in a way. But there's still something wrong."

"Wrong?"

"Yes. I offered myself to be the Little Saviour's servant, and yet things aren't changed for me. I'm living here just as before. Oh, Anna! Can't you see that in one way I really haven't given anything?"

"But you have!"

"Not like the three kings. You could see and touch their gifts. And you could put a price on them, too."

The little girl fell silent, trying to think of still another way in which to help and encourage her brother. Finally she looked up hopefully. "Maybe there'll be some kind of sign," she ventured. "After all, the Little Saviour is so good, Lefi! And you're so worried! Surely He'll let you know in some way that everything's all right and that He's pleased because you offered yourself to Him."

The boy's eyes brightened at such a thought. A sign from the Little Saviour! How wonderful that would be! "Maybe you're right," he said eagerly. "Oh, how I hope so!"

That night an extraordinary thing happened. Left awoke from a sound sleep to find a tall, white-clad figure standing beside his bed. It was the angel who had appeared on the night of the Little Saviour's birth. But what a change had been wrought in his bearing since then! Now he was drooping, downcast—no longer the radiant herald of joyful tidings.

"Sadness has fallen upon Judea," he declared, and his voice was ominous, grave. "Rise, child, and grieve, for King Herod would kill the Little Saviour."

Left gasped. "King Herod would kill the Little Saviour? Oh, surely not!"

"That which I tell you is true," continued the angel. "But you, little one, can save Him from harm."

The boy stared in dismay, unable to understand such a strange message. Then suddenly the angel was speaking again. "The Little Saviour and those who guard Him have no way to flee to safety. But you have a donkey...and if you make haste...if you seek out the holy ones in the cave...."

Suddenly all fear vanished from Lefi's heart. This was the sign for which he had been waiting! The Little Saviour was pleased that He had a servant. And now He had sent word that He had need of him—great need.

"Anna!" he called eagerly, heedless of the fact that suddenly the angel had vanished. "Arma!"



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## IN PROPHECY =

BIOGRAPHIES have been written in great profusion. There are few people who have reached popular renown who have not had the story of their life written in some form or another, either by others or by themselves. But, to one man alone goes the undivided distinction of having his biography written before his birth. For the story of the life of Jesus Christ was not only known but written in detail hundreds of years before His gloriously humble birth at Bethlehem.

The Old Testament is a complete biography of Christ, the promised Messias. The prophetical story of the coming Messias was known to the descendants of Abraham, who awaited anxiously His coming; it was known also by the Gentiles, as is attested by the historical fact that 270 years before the birth of Christ, under the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt, this story was translated into Greek. This version is known to us as the Septuagint. It is quoted by a Jewish writer of 222 B. C., and it was the only Bible text of the Old Testament universally read in the early Church.

Taken alone, the individual prophecies are often obscure, but together they form an integral, a perfect story of an eagerly desired event. But the biography of Christ is found in the Old Testament in such detail, that we must restrict ourselves to the more important features of His life, if such a distinction can be made.

PROPHECIES CONCERNING THE COMING MESSIAS

I N announcing and preparing the people for the coming of the Messias, the Old Testament indicates the promise, the time and the signs to be looked for.

As the human race found its beginning in Paradise, from thence also came the first promise of the Christ. Man had sinned and God had issued a curse on the whole earth, but noticing a trace of contriteness in the hearts of Adam and Eve, God's justice gave way to His mercy and He lessened the sting of the curse with the promise of the Redeemer. Pointing to the serpent God declared, "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head, and thou shall lie in wait for her heel" (Gen. 3:15). The evident meaning is that the power of Satan is to be destroyed by the one who is to come.

After Abraham had proven his willingness to do the will of God even to the sacrificing of his son, God said to him, "And in thy seed shall all the nations of the world be blessed" (Gen. 22:18). The same promise was given to his son, Isaac, and then to Jacob, the son of Isaac (Gen. 26:4 and 28:14). As Jacob lay upon his deathbed, he spoke to his son Joseph, "The blessings of the father are strengthened by the blessings of his fathers: until the desire of the everlasting hills shall come" (Gen. 49:26). Besides foretelling the coming of the Lord

these prophecies point out the direct line of his ancestry, as is later shown in the first chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel.

The coming of the Messias had been set only for the future; however, later prophecies more accurately indicated the exact time. Jacob, feeling that his death was near, called his twelve sons to his bed-side to tell them what they were to expect. Then turning to his son Juda, he prophesied, "The scepter shall not be taken away from Juda, nor a ruler from his thigh till he come that is to be sent, and he shall be the expectation of the nations" (Gen. 49:10). When Jesus was born, the Roman Empire had truly taken the scepter from Juda. In the book of Daniel we find a more exact declaration of time for he had been blessed with a vision of the angel Gabriel. Daniel then relates the words of the Angel. "Know thou therefore, and take notice: that from the going forth of the word, to build up Jerusalem again, unto Christ, the Prince, there shall be seven weeks and sixty-two weeks, and the street shall be built again, and the walls in the straightness of times. And after sixty-two weeks Christ shall be slain" (Dan. 9:20-26). That is, from the twentieth year of the King Artaxerxes, when by his command Nehemias rebuilt the walls of Jerusalem, there were to be sixty-nine weeks of years, that is, 483 years until the appearance of Christ, since a week-year is seven years.

Of all the prophecies pointing to the time of the Messias's coming, two of them indicate proximate signs. The first of these was to be universal peace, a fitting preparation for the birth of the Son of God. Isaias, the clear prophet of the Messias, promised the world, "They shall turn their swords



"HOME, SWEET HOME" East Hampton, Long Island

A little over one hundred and fifty years ago John Howard Payne was born in this house which he made famous by his song, "Home, Sweet Home." The words of the song were written in Paris where Payne was very much discouraged and homesick. The song was first sung in Payne's opera "Clari" which was presented in Covent Garden Theater, London, in 1823. Although Payne wrote many plays, operas, and poems, he is remembered only as the author of this much loved song.

In the early days the roof of the house was thatched. At the back the roof slants to within a few feet of the ground, thus explaining what Payne meant by "my lowly thatched cottage." The house is covered with long unpainted shingles, but the vines cover it almost completely. The old mill at the right is typical of the grist mills which were common on Long Island during the eighteenth century. This is one of the three grist mills remaining in East Hampton.

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into plowshares, and their spears into sickles; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they be exercised anymore to war" (Isa. 2:4). The angels singing, "and on earth peace to men of good will" announced the fulfillment of the promise.

St. Matthew records, "At the time Jesus was born, a bright star was seen in the Orient" (St. Matth. 2:2). This same star was promised in the Book of Numbers, 24:17, "A star shall rise out of Jacob."

The Gospel narrative concerning the work of John the Baptist in preparing for and announcing the coming of Christ can easily be read in Isaias, "The voice of one crying in the desert, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the wilderness the paths of our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low, and the crooked shall become straight, and the rough ways plain. And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed" (Isa. 40:3-5). "Behold the Lord hath made it to be heard in the ends of the earth; tell the daughter of Sion: Behold thy Savior cometh!" (Isa. 62:11).

#### THE BIRTH OF CHRIST

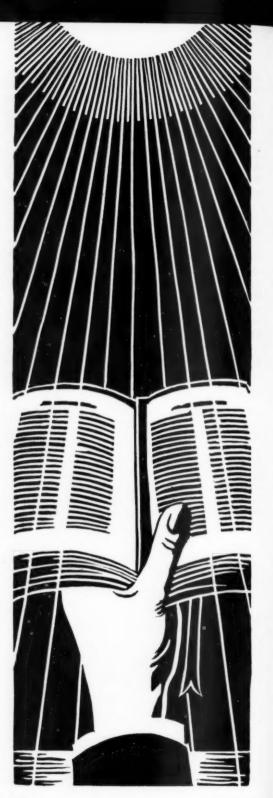
I T was Micheas of Morasti, a little town of the tribe of Juda, who spoke the words that foretold the exact place in which the Savior of the world should be born, when eight centuries before the event, he said, "And thou, Bethlehem, Ephrata, art a little one among the thousands of Juda, out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be the ruler in Israel" (Micheas 5:2).

A sublime mystery of our faith is that of the Virgin Birth, testifying that, though she became a mother, yet never was Mary's virginity violated. This miracle was pointed out by Isaias to Achaz as a sign, "Behold, a Virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and his name shall be called Emmanuel" (Isa. 7:14).

To Isaias was favored the vision of the birth of Christ, and being filled with the joy he sang to his people the jubilation that the birth of Christ was to bring to them, "For a Child is born to us, and a son is given to us, and the government is on his shoulders, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, God, the Mighty, the Father of the World to come, the Prince of Peace" (Isa. 9:6).

#### THE INFANCY OF THE MESSIAS

THE PSALMIST has sung, "The Kings of Tharsis and the Islands shall offer presents; the kings of the Arabians and Saba shall bring gifts. All the kings of the earth shall adore him;



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all nations shall serve him" (Ps. 71: 10-11). And the great prophet, Isaias, many years before announced the visit of the Magi. "Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is arisen upon thee... And the Gentiles shall walk in the light, and kings in the brightness of thy rising... Lift up thy eyes round about, and see: all these are gathered together; they are come to thee... The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Madian and Epha; all they from Saba shall come, bringing gold and frankincense, and showing forth praise to the Lord" (Isa. 60: 1-6).

Jeremias's "Thus saith the Lord: a voice was heard on high of lamentation, of mourning and weeping, of Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted for them because they are not" (Jer. 31-15), is a perfect type of the mothers of Bethlehem weeping for their children, mercilessly killed by the soldiers of Herod, for in Genesis Rachel was buried near Bethlehem.

When Mary and Joseph took the child Jesus to the temple, their act was foreshadowed years before, "Behold I send my angel, and he shall prepare the way before my face. And presently the Lord whom you seek, and the angel of the Testament whom you desire shall come to this Temple" (Matt. 3:13).

## PUBLIC LIFE AND WORKS OF JESUS

HERE it will be impossible to consider every aspect of the public life of Christ; this, Father Vigilius Krull, C.PP.S., has expressed in the words, "The Books of the Prophets and many of the Psalms of David are teeming with lucid descriptions of the public life of the World's Redeemer."

The Gospel that Christ taught while here on earth, all of his teaching and doctrine, has been very pointedly summed up in the words of the prophet, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, and that preacheth Peace; of him that showeth forth good, and preacheth salvation, that saith to Sion, thy God shall reign" (Isa. 52:7).

The same prophet has caught the spirit of the corporal works of mercy when he wrote, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me to preach to the meek, to heal the contrite of heart, and to preach a release to captives, and deliverance to them that are shut up" (Isa. 61:1).

It was the Psalmist that announced the method of Christ's teaching, for indeed Christ could have said, "I will open my mouth in parables; I will utter propositions from the beginning" (Ps. 77:2).

Notice how clearly Christ's answer to the two delegates who had come from John to determine if he were the one that was to come, had been presaged centuries before. "God Himself will come and save you, then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall be free" (Isa. 35:4-6). "And Jesus answered and said to them, "Go and report to John what you have heard and seen; the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise, the poor have the Gospel preached to them'" (Lk. 7:22). Many other miracles Christ wrought and of them 42 are related in the New Testament.

"Rejoice greatly, O Daughter of Sion, shout for Joy, O Daughter of Jerusalem: Behold thy King will come to thee, the just and savior. He is poor and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt, the foal of an ass" (Zach. 9:9).

In a very particular way the prophecies concerning the last days of Christ's life, His sufferings and death, are very explicit and detailed.

#### CHRIST'S LAST DAYS . . . THE PASSION

LL my enemies whispered together against me: they devised evils to me ... For even the man of my peace, in whom I trusted, who ate my bread, hath greatly supplanted me" (Ps. 40: 8-10). "He boasted that he hath the knowledge of God, and calleth himself the Son of God. He is become a censurer of our thoughts . . . For his life is not like other men's . . . For if he be the true son of God, he will defend him from the hands of his enemies ... Let us condemn him to a most shameful death" (Wis. 2:13-21). "And they weighed for my wages thirty pieces of silver. And the Lord said to me: Cast it into the statuary, a handsome price, that I was prized at by them" (Zach. 11:12-13).

Christ's words to His disciples were quoted from Zacharias. "Strike the Shepherd and the sheepfold shall be dispersed" (Zach. 13:7). "My heart is troubled within me, and the fear of death is fallen upon me. Fear and trembling are come upon me: and darkness hath covered me" (Ps. 54:5-6). Were these not the thoughts of Christ as He labored in pain in the garden?

"I have given my body to the strikers, and my cheeks to them that plucked them: I have not turned my face away from them that rebuked me, and spit upon me" (Isa. 50-6). "He shall give his cheek to him that striketh him. He shall be filled with reproaches" (Lam. 3:30). "From the sole of the foot unto the top of the head, there

is no soundness therein; wounds and bruises and swelling sores; they are not bound up nor dressed, nor fomented with oil" (Isa. 1:6). "Why then is thy apparel red, and thy garments like theirs that tread in the wine presses?" (Isa. 63:1). "He will crown thee with a crown of tribulation" (Isa. 22:18). The 53rd Chapter of Isaias, a prophecy of Christ's death, is so complete and accurate that it sounds more like an account written after the event. "Who hath believed our report?... There is no beauty in him nor comeliness ... Despised and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity . . . Surely he hath borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows: ... But he was wounded for our infirmities and bruised for our offenses: the chastisement of our peace was upon him and by his bruises we are healed ... And he opened not his mouth, and shall be dumb as a lamb before his shearer ... He hath done no iniquity, neither was there any deceit in his mouth... He shall lay down his life for sin. He hath delivered his soul unto death, and was reputed with the wicked, and he hath borne the sins of many" (Isa. 53). The feelings of Christ as He carried the cross to Calvary have been caught up by the prophet: "I looked about and there was none to help: I sought and there was none to give aid" (Isa. 63:5).

It was the Psalmist who, centuries before, saw the physically and mentally agonized Lord hanging upon the cross; for in the 21st Psalm he speaks clearly of the Passion and Sufferings of Christ. "O God, my God, look upon me, why hast thou forsaken me? O my God, I shall cry by day, and thou wilt not hear... But I am a worm and no man, the reproach of men and the outcast of the people. All that saw me have laughed me to scorn: they have spoken with scorn with the lips and wagged the head ... For tribulation is near, for there is none to help me ... My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue hath cleaved to my jaws ... They have dug my hands and my feet: they have numbered my bones, and they have looked and stared upon me, and upon my vesture they have cast lots" (Ps. 21:1-19). The psalmist continued, "I looked for one that woulld grieve with me, but there was none, and for one that would comfort me and I found none. In my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink" (Ps. 68:21-22). And "they shall look upon me whom they have pierced" (Zach. 9:11).

And thus it was when the God-man died, fulfilling to the word the prophecies concerning him.

"I am counted among them that go down to the pit; I am become as a man without help, free among the dead. Like the slain sleeping in the sepulchers, whom thou rememberest no more; and they are cast off from thy hand. They have laid me in the lower pit, in the dark places, and in the shadow of death" (Ps. 87:5-7). "And they took Him down, and wrapped Him in a linen cloth, and laid Him in a rock hewn tomb where no one had ever yet been laid."

To this we could add the epilogue, Christ's glorious Resurrection and Ascension, but we have gathered sufficient to prove that the life of Christ is truly the *oldest story*, for it was foretold before His birth, then fulfilled in His earthly life, and shall forever be continued undiminshed in its glory in "the Bosom of His Father."



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## Give and Take

THE GRAIL will pay five dollars for each letter published in this department. It is our "Open Forum" for our readers and all are invited to express their ideas, whether in conformity with or in divergence to those in the articles of The Grail. The letters must in some way comment on the articles in the magazine.



#### Information Please

The October issue of THE GRAIL, featuring national shrines of the Blessed Virgin Mary, brought many inquiries from our readers. Some of them are here being passed on to our readers in the hope that they can help with the finding of the information sought. Please send any information you may have to "Give and Take," c/o The Grail, St. Meinrad. Indiana.

1. "If you can offer me any information on the Apparition of Our Lady of Light I would appreciate it. I am referring to the Madonna del Lume that appeared in Sicily, not to the Madonna della Luz of Mexico." S.T.

2. "A nephew who was in the Navy brought me from Marseille a small statue, Notre Dame de la Pomme. I have not the story or meaning of that. Another nephew brought me from Holland a lithograph or Our Lady of Masstiecht, but neglected to give me the story. I hope to be able to learn the story behind these images." M.D.

3. "I would like to get a good picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Mexico. Can you let me know where I might get a plaque or picture of this apparition and shrine?" M.B.D.

4. "I should like to know something of Our Lady of Oaks and Our Lady of Lilies. Both are in Germany." E.M.

5. "Is there any way I could get pictures of all our Lady's Shrines? I make replicas of the shrines out of satin for the children. Maybe you

can tell me, too, where to get colored angels for the shrines." M.M.

6. "Could I get information through THE GRAIL on Absam in Tirol? There the Blessed Mother appeared in the window pane of a farmhouse, if I remember right. It was on January 17, but I don't remember the year. It was during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, I think. Experts were called to remove the picture, but they found that they could not remove it from the glass. The window was removed and is now highly venerated at the right side altar in Absam." A.K.

### Decency in Ads

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading an article in THE GRAIL by Anna Margaret Record, entitled "The Pure in Heart." This is so squarely in point with what we of the Catholic Aid of Minnesota are doing in our juvenile section that I just can't pass it up with a mere nod of approval. It is so vital that it merits greater recognition than that!

The Catholic Aid Association of Minnesota, an organization having a membership of over 25,000 members, maintains a juvenile department. Its local branches are not unlike those of other fraternal organizations. In addition to the insurance feature the juvenile section has a Director of Youth Activities who has arranged for a seven point program. It has been

our contention that juveniles should be given an opportunity to do things, not only to be entertained by picnics and the like. Children like to do things, and if properly directed, will perform gladly and with considerable pride.

One of these activities is the cooperation with the National Legion of Decency. From the beginning a contest of good, clean, forceful advertisements has been the most outstanding feature in this field. The kiddies make the selection and send them to their regional assistant director, who culls out the less worthy ones and forwards the others to the office of the Director. The prizes are \$5 for the first \$4 for the second; and \$3, \$2, \$1 for the others respectively. The firm publishing the ad receives an artistic "Certificate of Appreciation," printed in gold and colors on imitation parchment paper, and the juvenile winner receives an exact duplicate of the certificate together with the check. Presentation is made at a regular meeting of the local society. Winners last year were: Daniel Kunkel of Clearwater, Minn., Glorian Gilk, Albany; Kathleen Rieder, St. Cloud; Virgil Voit, Albany; and Annette Jesh of Albany.

Sincerely,

William A. Boerger St. Cloud, Minn.

Is It a Cure?

Dear Sir:

The majority of writers, in dealing with some specific aspect of our many social problems, fall short of their objective, in the fact that very rarely do they have a workable plan to offer as a suitable remedy for any given problem.

A case in point is Charles J. Sullivan's timely article 'Filth in Words' which appeared in a recent issue of THE GRAIL.

Now I agree with every word that Mr. Sullivan wrote regarding the menace of pornographic literature; but I disagree with him when he thinks, that the 'Vice Squad' is an effective way to remedy the situation.

We might as well expect to eliminate malaria fever, by killing mosquitoes with a fly swat.

When the 'Vice Squad' is called upon by the better citizens in the community for help, what happens? The squad goes around to the various newsstands, and picks up the various magazines that are considered undesirable reading. This done, they call upon the local news distributor, who promises not to handle the periodicals any more. For some reason, he is never asked why he distributed them in the first place.

All is well for a short time, then slowly they begin to trickle back to their old accustomed haunts. Why is this? For the simple reason, they are still being published.

As I have said so many times, in this great democracy of ours, 'We the people, govern.' 'We the People' are responsible for the laws or the absence of laws, that in any way contribute to the moral laxity of the present generation. We have the power in our hands, to demand that legislation be passed, that would make it a criminal offence, to print or publish, any magazines or periodicals of a pornographic nature, to be distributed to the public news-vendors, the magazine stands or the corner drug store.

The guilt for the presence of indecent literature, in our every day life, lies heavily upon the shoulders of those who publish them; and these publishers, are out of reach for the Vice Squad.

If we, as a Christian nation, desire to eradicate this evil, we must start at the source, the publishers, instead of expecting results by having policemen run around picking up magazines, whenever they appear on the newsstands.

Yours Truly F. Norman Joy Gary, Ind.

## CATHOLIC ACTION

Dear Editor.

Our Parish study club read H. C. McGinnis' article "Between the Lines" for the month of September with a great deal of interest. As usual the article was very informative, well written and to the point concerning the present condition of our public schools.

For some time our discussion proceeded to stress the flaws in our Godless public education system when one of the members threw a bombshell by accusing us of being smug, complacent, bourgeois Catholics who were willing to use the public system as a whipping boy and then end our thoughts with the pious observation that "the religious principle is the foundation of all sound preparation for life."

It was agreed that the possibility of infusing Christian principles into the public school system was not very likely in the near future. Moreover thousands of our Catholic youth will continue to attend these schools. Hence the problem must be attacked from a different point.

Added to this difficulty our provocateur stunned us with the charge that our own Catholic schools were not sufficiently God orientiated. In order to infuse Christianity into the secular educational world it will be necessary to develop more Catholic action leaders. But Catholic action in the United States so far has failed to produce its quota of lay Various are the causes that are assigned to explain this defect. Some put their blame frankly and squarely on our Catholic schools. The complaint is made that our educational institutions-from grade school to university-have forgotten what is fundamental. They are so intent on aping secular schools (or at least of keeping in step with those bodies to forestall critical comparison) that they have lost sight of the fact that they are primarily Catholic schools, Religion, instead of being the vitalizing spirit that animates the Corpus, has become an external adornment, an accidental adjunct on a par with a course in anthropology or English literature.

After continued discussion we agreed that the above charge might be considered a partial cause but that the root fault is to be found in the non-Catholic atmosphere in which American Catholics dwell. Unconsciously the average Catholic has been deeply influenced by the religious indifferentism both private and public that characterizes this country.

The only way to infuse Christianity into this non-Catholic atmosphere is the development of Catholic lay leaders. Where are these lay leaders to come from? Certainly they will not spring into being on their own account. Good living Catholics are too full of humility, too conscious of their own shortcomings, to dare to aspire to any Of themselves, they such role. would prefer to remain in the background and passively cooperate in the movement. They, too, as well as the mass, are victims of a psychological and religious inertia.

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The stimulus, that will galvanize these potential leaders to emerge from the mass, has to be twofold—the God orientiated Catholic school—and the zealous Parish priest who will be able to select, to enthuse and initiate the training of lay leaders.

The members made the following suggestions as means to develop Catholic lay leaders in a parish.

1) Lay Catholics to organize Catholic Action Guilds which are to be composed of members from three or four neighboring parishes. These guilds to give leadership training courses and hold forums in order to develop Catholic opinion in the community.

2) Parish Planning Councils to be established for the purpose of achieving real unity between the various religious and social organizations within the parish.

3) The Establishment of parish cells for the study of the liturgy and the social doctrines of Mother church. Each cell consists of ten members who hold weekly meetings in each other's homes. Ten or fifteen cells ought to be actively working in each parish.

4) Committees of Correspondence ought to be organized in each parish. Each member writing under his own name can build up a Catholic opinion by informing the press, the radio, our political leaders of their thoughts on matters pertaining to Catholics. Ex. American Catholic War Veterans answering the attack of Prof. Laski.

5) Establishment of Catholic Councils for Social Planning on a diocesan basis to conduct surveys of community problems and offer concrete Christian proposals for their solution.

Moreover it was the conviction of our little circle that Catholics must realize that Catholic Action is an extraordinary work of Charity. It might even be called an heroic one. Our lay leaders must be imbued with a deep sense of personal obligation. The priesthood of the laity should be more than a flattering dogmatic deduction. Our lay leaders should do battle in the social field with a singing conviction in their hearts that theirs is a sacred trust, a privilege granted by Christ. They must be of a "kingly nation, a royal priesthood" Noblesse Oblige.

Sincerely, Walter L. Willigan St. Albans, N. Y.

#### Colored Domestics

Dear Editor:

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F. Norman Joy, speaking through the columns of the September GRAIL asks: "Is there a Negro problem?" Discussing the educational advantages extended to our colored population, he suggests that the colored girl who finishes highschool and might conceivably qualify for clerical work, suffers injustice in being relegated to the kitchen or laundry. Without giving a reason for the stand he takes his attitude indicates a mild contempt for domestic service, and for the many tasks and mechanics that have made our boasted standard of living the admiration and envy of the world.

Human nature being what it is, if we are to give moral protection to the Negro girl, and preserve the integrity of the white race, we cannot put the colored girl in the white man's office. Until such time as the men of her own race can take their place in the business world and in the professions, she must be content to work among the members of her own sex. The colored people should be assisted and encouraged to develop their own industries, to study for the professions, and to engage in business among their own people.

Driving through one of the finest farming communities in central Illinois on a recent trip, I pondered the Negro question in the light of the white man's mastery of agriculture and animal husbandry. Field after field of hybrid corn stood straight as saplings, supporting heavy ears of grain. Sturdy fences separated fields from pastures, where contented cows were grazing. One farmer had Herefords,

heavy beef cattle, while his neighbor had Jerseys or Guernseys, the cows that give us thick cream and golden butter; and there were rangey Holsteins in their black and white coats, and the purplish black fur of the Scotch Polled Angus; and in every farm-yard there were large flocks of white chickens, all thoroughbreds. Thoroughbred stock which one can always see at The International Stock Show is the result of careful selection and controlled mating, a process in which divine providence co-operates with the will of man in perpetuating the more desirable characteristics. Among animals, segregation is absolutely necessary. Segregation of the races is also necessary if we are to preserve racial characteristics.

Since the creation of our First Parents two great forces have controlled human life: The Providence of God and the Free Will of Man. The significant fact is that in the free choices men have made in cooperating with divine providence, different races have evolved. At the two poles of color stand the white man and the black man, with the red, yellow and brown races in be-Each color has its own tween. locale and its racial characteristics, and each represents a divinely ordained specialization in God's Creation, which we are bound to accept and respect. It is not for us to say one race is better or worse than any other race, for we are all brothers in blood. The problem for each race is to preserve its integrity, and to strive for its own intellectual, social and spiritual advancement.

Our South American neighbor, Brazil, boasts that she has no color problem. It seems that in an early day fortune hunters from Portugal invaded this rich country, and, as a matter of convenience, married native Indian women. Later, from motives of indolence, slaves were brought in from Africa, and they also intermarried with the native Indians. The result is what might have been foreseen-a mongrel backward race that is neither black nor white, and that will not catch up with civilization in a thousand years. Today everybody marries just anybody. The Church may favor this sort of thing because She is interested chiefly in souls, or she may accept the inevitable and try to make the best of a bad situation; but since our body shares in the Resurrection, and our soul operating through our body is inseparable from our intellect, which leads the way to God, it appears to be up to the laity to look out for the preservation of the white race.

The men who introduced slavery into the United States did more to degrade the white man than the Negro, who had his passage paid to this so-called "land of the free," was trained in industry and had citizenship conferred upon him. His present problem is to make the most of his opportunities. In physical strength he is superior to the white man, while intellectually he is his potential equal. If he has the will he can lift himself by his bootstraps. I see no indignity in an educated colored girl taking up domestic employment. No other work she could undertake would so well fit her for motherhood and the management of her own home, the vocation most young women look forward to. The white girls who came by steerage and at their own expense from Norway and Sweden, from Europe and the British Isles, and made their start in the American kitchen, have not done so bad-Today their sons and grandly. sons are a credit to American business and professional life, while their daughters and grand-daughters are the salt of the earth.

While the present housing situation is bad for all, probably the colored people suffer most from overcrowding. Chicago, however, has generously given over to her colored population whole neighborhoods of fine residential property, as well as many of our best schools and Churches. To date the colored people have contributed nothing to the building program. The worst feature of the situation is that newcomers from the dirt-floor cabins of the deep South, quickly reduce to slum level any habitation they occupy. Only time and the good example of members of their own race will cure this defect.

Mary N. Seery, Chicago, Ill.

## THE CHILDREN OF FATIMA

MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

Illustrated by Gedge Harmon

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SOON the little shepherds' worst fears were realized. Since they would not deny that they had seen a heavenly lady, they were to be put in prison. Later, if they still insisted on being stubborn, there would be other punishments.

"That's the only way to treat such wicked children!" snapped the mayor. "Come along! Into this cell with you!"

The three stared at one another in dismay, for the cell before which the mayor had stopped was filled with prisoners—rough-looking men whose bearded faces bore the stamp of evil.

"Why, we've got company!" cried one suddenly, as the heavy barred door opened, then slammed behind the children. "And what company!"

"Yes!" jeered another. "Since when do they send us babies?"

"Oh, but these aren't babies! They're pickpockets—good ones. I remember the boy well."

"That's right. And I saw one of the girls at the fair in June. Come here, little ones. Tell us how they caught you."

"Yes. Speak up, children. You're among friends now."

Loud laughter greeted this remark, and for a moment the youngsters stood by the door in silent bewilderment. Then Lucia took courage. No, she and her cousins were not pickpockets—or any other kind of criminal. Instead, the three of them were from the country, and they had seen a heavenly

lady. They had seen her three times, and she had promised to come again today. On each of her visits, she had asked the children to say the Rosary devoutly and to make many sacrifices for sinners. She had also told them a secret, but as yet they could not share this with anyone.

The prisoners stared in amazement. What nonsense was this? Then one man shook a warning finger at Lucia. "Don't make the mayor angry, little girl. He can cause you lots of trouble."

"Yes," put in another. "And don't talk to him about heavenly things. Bother him with some other kind of story."

Jacinta twisted her hands nervously. "But sir! We never make up any stories!"

"That's right," hastened Francisco. "And even if the mayor leaves us here forever, we can't say that we never saw the lady."

There was something touching in the children's honest speech and bearing, and in spite of themselves the prisoners were impressed. Suddenly they felt as though a clean breeze had swept through their dismal quarters, bringing with it a certain freshness and cheer. Later, when Jacinta took a medal from her neck and asked one of the men to hang it for her on a nail in the wall, he did so with a good grace.

"But why don't you want to keep on wearing the medal?" he asked curiously.

The child's eyes were solemn. "It must be noon

now," she explained. "If we were at the Cova, the lady would be talking to us and asking us to say the Rosary. But perhaps she can hear us if we say it here in front of the medal, and be just as pleased."

As she spoke, the little girl knelt down—hands folded, eyes raised to the medal on the wall above her head. Her cousins and a few of the men did likewise, and soon the prison cell was echoing to an unusual sound: childish trebles telling the praises of the Blessed Virgin, accompanied by a faltering chorus of deep-pitched voices. Even those who took no part in the little service listened respectfully, for a certain spell had been cast upon the motley group by the young strangers from Fatima. There was no doubt about it, they told themselves. These were remarkable children. They

really believed that a heavenly lady had told them to recite the Rosary daily, so that God's anger at a sinful world might be appeased!

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Some time later. when the mayor returned to the cell, he was beside himself with disappointment. Far from denying the apparitions of the heavenly lady, the children were as strong as ever in their faith. More than that. They had now made friends with several of the prisoners, and for recreation Jacinta had even been dancing with one of them!

"We'll soon put a stop to this!" he fumed. "You won't be so sure of yourselves when you come to live with me!"

The mayor's living quarters were not far away, and presently the children found themselves locked in another large and dreary room.

"What's he going to do?" Francisco asked fearfully.

Lucia shook her head. "I don't know. Maybe he'll beat us."

"If he does, we must remember the prayer," said Jacinta, "the one that the lady taught us to say whenever we make a sacrifice for sinners. Let's go over it now, shall we?"

So the three little ones knelt down and recited the familiar words: "Oh, my Jesus, I offer this for the love of Thee, for the conversion of sinners, and in reparation for all the wrongs done to the Immaculate Heart of Mary."

But although the children waited, their minds full of dreadful imaginings, the mayor did not

return to beat them. His wife arrived instead-a good soul who was plainly distressed over her husband's cruelty. She brought food and drink to the three little prisoners and comforted them in a truly motherly fashion. but 88 twilight came on she was forced to admit that there was not much she could do that would be of real help.

"You mean we have to stay here all night?" asked Jacinta, blinking back the tears.

"I'm afraid so, dear."

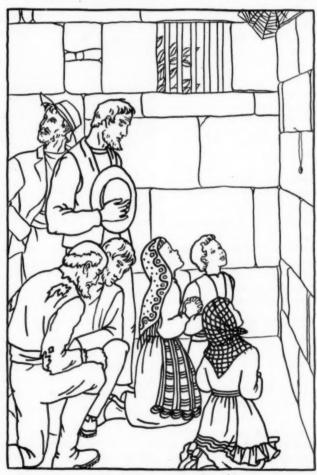
"And all day tomorrow?"

"Probably."

"And the next day, too?"

"I guess so."

This was discouraging news indeed. Two whole days away from home! Never had



They knelt to say the rosary

the children been absent so long from their families, and little Jacinta found it hard to keep from crying. How was she going to get along without her mother? But this first grief was destined to increase, for two days passed, then three days, and still she and her cousins were kept prisoners in the mayor's house.

"Maybe we'll never go home!" she sobbed despairingly. "Oh, Lucia! What are we going to do? And why don't our parents come for us?"

Lucia was silent. Already the mayor had explained why no one had come for them. It was because they had disgraced their families by telling so many dreadful lies. Now, he assured them gloatingly, they did not have a single friend left in the whole village of Fatima.

"But maybe he was only trying to frighten us," she thought. "Maybe somebody will come tomorrow." Then aloud to Jacinta: "I don't know why nobody comes. But we can still offer this sacrifice for the conversion of sinners. You do want to, don't you?"

"Yes," urged Francisco. "Think of the glimpse we had of hell, Jacinta. And remember that the lady did say we would have much to suffer."

With a little sigh, Jacinta nodded and folded her hands. "With all my heart I want to offer this sacrifice," she murmured. "Oh, my Jesus, I offer this for the love of Thee, for the conversion of sinners, and in reparation for all the wrongs done to the Immaculate Heart of Mary!"

The next day—the fifth of the imprisonment—the mayor was forced to admit that the three little shepherds had overcome all his attempts to break down their story or to gain the least hint as to the nature of the secret which the lady had entrusted to them. Half beside himself with rage, he determined to make one last effort.

"Listen to me!" he roared, bursting into the room where the three were sitting listlessly by the window. "Either tell the truth about this lady, or each of you will be fried in oil!"

The man's face was twisted with fury, and the children drew back in alarm as he strode toward them. "But sir! We've already told you the truth!"

"The truth! Listen, you stubborn creatures! I've had enough nonsense. There's a big kettle of oil boiling on the stove this very minute, just right to cook the three of you to a crisp. Hurry up, Francisco. What's this secret you say the lady told you?"

The nine-year-old boy trembled with fear. "I can't tell you, sir."

"You can't? We'll see about that. Come on—out to the kitchen with you."

As the mayor seized her brother in an iron grip, Jacinta gasped with horror. Francisco was going to be fried in oil! "Oh, Lucia!" she cried, her face pale, her whole body tense with fright. "What are we going to do?"

The ten-year-old girl did not answer. By now the door had slammed shut and she was waiting to hear Francisco's screams as he was plunged into the boiling oil. But the minutes passed, and all was silence. Then suddenly the door opened, and the mayor strode into the room once more. His eyes were glittering.

"Well, that's one of you fried," he declared briskly, wiping his hands. "Now, my little Jacinta, it's your turn. Tell me your secret, or you go into the boiling oil, too."

By now great tears were running down the child's cheeks. "I can't tell the secret to anyone," she moaned. "I can't! I can't!"

The mayor did not bother to argue. With a harsh laugh he seized Jacinta by the arm and dragged her from the room. His face was livid with rage. Never before had stupid peasants dared to defy him.

Poor Lucia! When the door had slammed a second time and she found herself alone, her heart shrank with fear. To be fried in boiling oil! What a horrible death for Francisco, for little Jacinta! Quickly she fell upon her knees, filled with horror at the thought of the death that soon would be hers.

"Because I can't tell the secret either," she muttered. "No matter what the mayor does to me, I can't be untrue to the lady!"

Five minutes passed, ten minutes, and there was no sound from the kitchen. Suddenly Lucia could bear the strain no longer, and stretched forth her arms to heaven. She could not see the beautiful one whom she loved so much, but surely if she prayed to her...if she asked for strength and courage....

"Dear Lady, please look after me!" she whispered. "Help me to die bravely...like Francisco and Jacinta...without a sound!"

(To be continued.)

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OR a long time—in fact till before Christmas I thought that Kit was an awful frost and I just could not see why the folks couldn't have had a different kind of son for a brother for me. He's twelve which is a perfectly awful age—that is for a boy. That is two years older

than ten which is what I am. When I told Mom that Kit was a frost she said "a frost?" and I said yeah, didn't she know—a dope, a flat tire, but she still looked like she did not understand, but she said she certainly did wish that Kit and I could get along like a brother and sister should. Well we could do that if Kit did not think he was so smart and would listen to me a little. Seems like he would listen about anything as important as Christmas presents for our own folks.

I have been saving my Christmas money for a long time. It sure was hard to earn it too, not easy like the way Kit has it. He throws the evening papers. I told Papa that Kit certainly did have it easy and Papa said that Kit's job wasn't so easy, that he had to be out in all kinds of weather. I

# Somebody Must Begin the Song

Frances Denham

should not have said anything to Papa on account men always stick together. Oh! yes about the way I earned my Christmas money-I take care of the Frederickson's baby for 50¢ an hour. Her name is Judith and on nice evenings I get to take her out in her buggy. She's real good as long as we are close to home, but just the minute we get away from our own sidewalk she stands straight up-just like a bare back rider I saw once in a circus. I have to push her buggy and carry her. I know real often I hear Mom tell Papa that a person just has to be firm with a child but you just can not be firm with Judith on account she yells too much. Well you can see how much quieter and easier throwing the evening paper would be than minding Judith Frederickson.

I said to Kit to let's put our money together and get the folks' presents and he said all right only I was not to boss what we got on account he had the most money. I do not think that should make any difference. Anyway Mom said we could go to get the presents together, only that we should not fuss on the street, nor in any of the stores. I promised her and Kit said—"Mom, I won't if Bracey doesn't." My name is Grace, only the folks call me Gracey and I do not like that and now since I have these horrid old braces on my teeth Kit calls me "Bracey" and I could just kill him.

The first store we saw was a furniture store and there in the window was a perfectly gorgeous bed room suite and on the bed was a doll, just beautiful she was with a long green satin dress and a lace underskirt. I could just see her sitting up against the pillows on Mom's bed. If Mom did not want her she could sit on my bed but she would still be Mom's doll, 'course. I told Kit to let's buy her and he said she was silly looking and he wouldn't. Next winter maybe I can get some other girl to take care of where her folks pay more than the Fredricksons pay—that way I won't have to have Kit go in with me to get a present for the folks.

Then we passed a Jewelry Shop. There spread on black velvet was a silver mesh bag, kind of small. I just know sometimes Mom would let me carry it to Mass. I told Kit it was just perfectly gorgeous and Mom would love it and he said it was corny and that Mom's ration books would not even go in it. I told him he was certainly dumb, that the mesh bag was just to hold a compact and a handkerchief, and that it was not the kind of pocketbook to take to the grocery store. He would not even go in and I was awfully mad at him.

Mom had given us the money to eat lunch down town. I felt grown up only Kit got to carry the money. We sat at a counter and after what he said I just wished that he was not my brother. He said I should tell him what I wanted and let him give the order. I guess that was all right on account that is what Papa does when he takes all of us out. But what Kit said—when the lady asked us what we wanted to drink Kit said—"Coffee for me and milk for the little girl." Calling me a little girl and getting milk for me—boys are so nasty and Kit is the nastiest of all and I wish he was not my brother.

After our lunch we started to look again and I saw a box of candy that would have been just terrific for Papa on account it was in a cedar box with a horse's head painted on the lid. Kit said-"What the heck, you don't give men chocolates for Christmas and anyway that Papa did not like chocolates. I said well I did like chocolates and that we could eat the candy and then Papa could have the box for his handkerchiefs and Kit said I was just full of prunes and that he wished he had come by himself and I said that I certainly did wish it too. So Kit said, "All right Miss Smarty, let's both go home and you can get your presents for Mom and Papa and I'll get mine" and I felt all over like I was going to cry so we did go home. We did not speak on the street car only I told him that I was going to tell Mom on him and he said that was just my speed and I was the prize tattle tale. He told Mom too, after I did, and she told both of us to hush on account she did not want to hear it. When she wasn't looking a made a face at Kit and I certainly did feel better.

I went over to play with Estrada Kunz-she's twelve and lives across the street from us, with her Mamma, in a nice apartment. Her Papa and her Mamma don't live together and she stavs part of the time with him. I told Estrada how smart Kit was down town and she said if she had a brother like Kit and a home like mine nothing else would matter. It made me mad for her to stand up for Kit against me, on account she is my best friend, so I did not stay at her house very long. When Papa came that night I told him how awful Kit was and that probably he and Mom would not even get any presents and he just patted my head and said that presents did not make much difference-that all of our family was well and happy and together at Christmas time and he looked over at Mom and smiled. If I ever do get married I hope that my husband will be like Papa.

The next morning when Mom went to wake Kit he was sick-too sick to get up. Mom said that he had been sick all night and that Papa should get the doctor. At the breakfast table there were just Mom and Papa and I. I felt awful because I had always thought it would be awfully nice to be the only one-but after breakfast I went over to Estrada's and in a little while she yelled at me "Gracie, the ambulance is at your house. I saw two internes going into your house." I hurried home and they were taking Kit out. He was white like the blanket they wrapped him in. Mom's face was all white and worried and so was Papa's. They both went in the ambulance with Kit and Mom said that I should go back to Estrada's on account she did not know when they would get back. I wished that Kit would just open his eyes so that he could see I was crying 'cause he was sick. I wished that he would just speak to me-I would not even care if he called me "Bracey," but Kit just lay there white and still. Seemed like I did not like to stay with Estrada-I kept thinking about Kit and went home. I thought maybe if I would sit in his room it would not hurt me so much to have him gone. All day I waited and then Papa came and said he would take me out to dinner on account Mom would stay with Kit awhile. I said to Papa how was Kit and he said "He's a very sick boy, Gracey-but the surgeon's hand is skillful and prayers are still answered, you know." I prayed the Blessed Mother to make Kit wellmake him well before Christmas. Papa and I ate at a real nice cafe but I was not hungry. I had a funny lump in my throat that hurt something fierce and I just had to cry and Papa said-"It's going to be all right Gracie-I know though that you love Kit very much and miss him." Seems like

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your folks always know how you feel inside and I was so happy that Papa knew I loved Kit even though I was just awfully mad at him the day before.

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Papa bought a real tall tree though he and Mom and I decorated it. Kit and I used to fuss about trimming the tree—Kit thought that most of the pretty lights and ornaments should be close to the window side so the folks passing along could see but I wanted them where just our family could see them, but this year I put most of them where I thought Kit would want them.

It was the week before Christmas when Mom said that Kit was well enough for me to go to St. Mary's to see him—I was awfully glad on account we still did not have the presents for the folks—I just plum forgot about presents when Kit was away and sick.

Kit looked so thin and white I could just have cried something fierce, but I felt better when he said "Hi there Bracey." He said that he had told Mom to give me his money and that I was to go get the presents for the folks—he said I should get the doll for Mom and the chocolates for Papa because those gifts were not as corney as a lot of other things and I said—"Well we could buy them war stamps for a bond" and Kit grinned and I knew he liked that for he said that I was smart like a boy and had a real good head on my shoulders—that is a good head for being just ten.

On Christmas Eve, long before dark, they brought Kit home and Mom propped him up in a big chair with covers and pillows and Papa came home smiling and I never had such a nice Christmas Eve—the only thing I felt so sorry about Estrada, seemed while Kit was so bad sick I could just imagine how she felt every Christmas. The blinds were down in her mother's apartment. I told Mom and she said—"Gracey dear, you will learn that the cruel curtain of divorce won't allow the sunshine of happiness to shine through it." Mom was real sober when she said it so I did not ask her what she meant.

Papa said what was the matter with me on account I wasn't in such a hurry to see what was in all my packages and I said that it seemed that just having Kit at home and having all of us together was about as nice as a pretty package-it was a nice surprise to find out that Kit was really not a frost at all—but a perfectly gorgeous brother. Papa said—"I believe that this Christmas means more to us this year-you know you can't have Peace and Good Will over the world until it is first within you. I believe our family is singing the song-Peace, peace on earth, good will toward men. Gracey, you and Kit and your mother and I must each sing his own song and may the day soon dawn when the song will spread over the whole world-like a great chorus with every one singing."

Papa did not seem to know that we were not singing—why we were all just as quiet—Kit was looking at him, Mom was wiping her eyes with her apron—maybe she got something in her eye—and I felt happy on account Kit and I were not fussing—like Papa said there was really peace in our home.



## ECHOES FROM OUR ABBEY HALLS

UGUST 10 was Profession Day for a group of ten young men who had just completed their days of novitiate. For the community profession days are always big events, for they mark a new stage in the growth of the family. By no means the slightest item of interest on such days is the list of new names to be given to the newly professed. The names added to the family on August 10 included the following: Frater Xavier Maudlin of Indianapolis, Ind., Frater Blaise Hettich of Brookville, Ind., Frater George Lyon of Loretto, Ky., Frater Odo Gogel of Mariah Hill, Ind., Frater Hilary Ottensmeyer of Vincennes. Ind., Frater Virgil Timmermeyer of Conway Springs, Kan., Frater Odilo Burkhardt of Indianapolis, Ind., Frater Prosper Lindauer of St. Henry, Ind., Frater Fidelis Jent of Evansville, Ind., and Frater Marcian Strange of Loogootee, Ind.

August 16 brought a change of pastors at Mariah Hill, Ind., one of the nearby parishes under the care of the Abbey. On that day Father Andrew Bauer, O.S.B., pastor of Mariah Hill for the past twenty-nine vears, relinquished his post to Father Matthew Preske, O.S.B., formerly Director of the Oblate School at St. Placid Hall. Father Andrew has returned to the Abbey for rest and the treatment of x-ray burns which of late have been causing him much pain and great inconvenience. At the present time of writing he is in St. Joseph's Infirmary at Louisville, Ky., for treatments. The vacancy created at St. Placid Hall by Father Matthew's removal to Mariah Hill has been filled by Father Marcellus Fisher, O.S.B. Father Marcellus has been advanced from the post of Assistant to the Directorship of the Oblate School. As his new helper he now has Brother James Blandford, O.S.B. The burdens of House Warden and Vestiarius formerly carried by Father Marcellus have been placed onto the shoulders of Father Nicholas Schmidt, O.S.B., who is assisted in

his work by Father Athanasius Ballard, O.S.B. At this same time the GRAIL OFFICE received a new office worker in the person of Father Edwin Miller, O.S.B.

August 23-26. Late August brought with it the unusual feature of the close of a school year and ordinations. The Most Reverend Archbishop, Joseph E. Ritter, D.D., arrived at the Abbey on the 23rd, and on that same evening received the Profession of Faith and Oath against Modernism of all to be ordained, and conferred Tonsure on a class of thirty. Friday, August 24, was dedicated to ordinations to the Subdiaconate and the Holy Priesthood. The Subdeacons numbered twenty-six and the Priests thirteen. Eleven members of the Class of 1945 were ordained to the Priesthood elsewhere. Those ordained at St. Meinrad included: for the Archdiocese of Indianapolis: William Buhmeier, Paul Dooley, Charles Koster, and Victor Wright; for the Diocese of Amarillo: The Rev. Vincent Daugintis: for St. Meinrad's Abbey: Barnabas Lundergan, O.S.B., Damasus Langan, O.S.B., and Christopher Hoolihan, O.S.B.: for the Dayton Province of the Society of Mary: James Darby, S.M., John Dickson, S.M., Paul Elsner, S.M., Charles Hofstetter, S.M., and Lawrence Mann, S.M. Other members of the class ordained elsewhere on this same day were: The Rev. John Rusteika, ordained at Boston, Mass.; Bernard Beck and Frank Gunther, ordained at Louisville, Ky.: Ambrose McGinnity and Albert Zimmerman, ordained at Fort Wayne, Indiana. The Rev. David O'Leary was raised to the priesthood at Wichita, Kan., on August 19; Francis Allega, Linus Hopf, and Roman Vollmer, at Evansville, Ind., on August 26; and Richard Storch, P.S.M., and Edward Tobijanski, P.S.M., at Milwaukee, Wis., on September 29. Sunday August 26 was devoted to the conferring of Minor Orders upon sixty-nine members of the seminary and the Diaconate upon eight.

With the ordinations over, the students returned to the classrooms for a three day period of examinations before leaving on August 30 for a short vacation. Thus the Accelerated Program in the seminary has been brought to an end, and all who were its "victims" can now rejoice at being one year further along in their studies than they would have been had the Accelerated Program not been followed during the war.

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On September 1 Father Norbert Spitzmesser, O.S.B., received an appointment as Chaplain at the Convent and Academy of the Immaculate Conception, Ferdinand, Ind. For many years Father Norbert had served as Superintendent of Marmion Military Academy in Aurora, Ill., but was relieved of his duties during the past summer because of ill health. After treatment at Mayo Clinic and some weeks spent in the Dakotas Father arrived at Ferdinand to take up his new duties. As Chaplain Father Norbert succeeds Father William Walker, O.S.B., who has been called home to the Abbey to become Spiritual Director and Professor in the Major Seminary.

September 14 marked a new milestone in the lives of ten young men who are aspiring to the Benedictine Priesthood. On that morning Father Abbot invested a double class of ten candidates with the habit of St. Benedict. The double class is one of the results of the Accelerated Program in the seminary during the past years. The first group consists of Frater Novices Leonard Ellspermann and Joseph Toon of Evansville, Ind., Patrick (Edward) Gaughan of Lima, Ohio, and Charles Scotcher of Honolulu, T. H. second group consists of Frater Novices Leo (Joseph) Witting of Evansville, Ind., David Cyr of Aurora, Ill., Clarence LaFromboise of Belcourt, N. D., Paul Soergel of New Albany, Ind., Albert (Joseph) Vrablic of Toledo, Ohio, and Robert Mahin of Tiffin, Ohio. We wish all a successful novitiate.

The doors of the seminary swung open on September 20 to the largest group of students ever to gather at St. Meinrad. The Minor Seminary alone counted 294 on its roster and the Major Seminary 217 (including the Benedictine Clerics who reside in the monastery). About thirty young men had arrived on September 10 at the Oblate School. So the student population this year tops all previous records. Luckily this expansion was foreseen early in the summer and appropriate steps were taken to care for the swelling num-A special two-story wing hers. was added to the monastery to house the Brothers. The rooms and cells vacated by the Brothers were then turned over to the students of the Minor Seminary. Thus it happens that after a lapse of thirteen years the Minor Seminarians have moved hack into places they vacated when the new Minor Seminary buildings were completed in 1932.

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On September 26 Father Abbot Ignatius and Father Bertrand Gilles. O.S.B., left the Abbey for an extensive tour of the Indian Missions in the Dakotas. On their way they passed by Marmion Military Academy in Aurora, Ill., to drop off Brother Andrew Stephenson, O.S.B., who has been assigned to labors at Brother Andrew joins Marmion. Brothers Gerand Nilan, O.S.B., and Brother Henry Hicking, O.S.B., to make up the Brother group at Marmion. Later on they hope to receive other recruits from the Abbey.

After the stop at Marmion Father Abbot and Father Bertrand continued on their way to the Missions. The first visit was made at St. Ann's Mission, Belcourt, N. D. From there they proceeded to St. Michael's Mission, St. Michael, N. D., and thence to the Immaculate Conception Mission at Stephan, S. D. A longer stop at St. Paul's Mission, Marty, S.D., and a short visit to Winnebago, Nebr., completed the tour of the Missions. Before returning to the Abbey the travellers took time out to pay a visit to Father Stephen Thuis, O.S.B., who is in the sanatarium at Colorado Springs, Colo.

October 14 saw a revival of the annual Band Day. The weather man was not as good as he could have been to us, with the result that the crowd of visitors was not as large as had been anticipated. Nevertheless, despite the cool and cloudy day, the attendance approached the three thousand mark. Father John and the Band extend hearty thanks to all who helped make the day a success.

October 19-21 were Forty Hour days at the Abbey. The students enjoyed a respite from classes and dedicated the days and the nights to frequent periods of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the Abbey Church. During these same days a number of the Fathers conducted Forty Hour services in various nearby parishes.

For the Oblate School October 21 was a big day. At a special ceremony Sunday afternoon in the Crypt of the Abbey Church Father Prior Placidus invested the new group of Oblates. The seventeen who were invested come from places as far away as New York and Washington, D. C., and as near as St. Meinrad itself. Included in the group were the following: Robert Costello and William Walz of St. Louis, Mo., Julian Stenger and Francis Terrio of St. Charles, Mo., John Petry and Theodore Schurwonn of Floral Park, N. Y., Donald Taylor, Gerald Wathen and Aloysius Preske of Evansville, Ind., Edwin Strassel of Bridgetown, Ohio, Robert Grady of Owensboro, Ky., Herbert Staples of Washington, D. C., Richard Moore of Indianapolis, Ind., Joseph Schutter of Morris, Ind., Norman Bowman of Vincennes, Ind., Edward Weidemer of Louisville, Ky., and Robert Brahm of St. Meinrad, Ind.

During October pirates took over at St. Meinrad. On the 7th, the 12th, and the 14th of the month the Major Seminarians repeated their summer performance of "The Pirates of Penzance," of which we wrote in the September GRAIL. On October 24 the Sixth Classmen of the Minor Seminary treated us to a

lively presentation of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island." Outstanding among the players were Charles Kraeszig as "Jim Hawkins," James Byrne as "Mrs. Hawkins," Conrad Kratz as "Billy Bones," and Thomas Zimmer as "Long John Silver." The Stage Crew did a splendid job of bringing before the audience in rapid succession "The Admiral Benbow Inn." "The Deck of the Hispaniola," and "Treasure Island" in the three acts of the play. With such settings it was not difficult to really live with the actors. According to late reports the younger classmen are still seasoning their conversation with the salty remarks of the pirates!

On October 27-28 we again had Archbishop Ritter with us for ordinations. During these days a large group of Subdeacons was raised to the Diaconate and a number of seminarians received Minor Orders. There were no ordinations to the Holy Priesthood at this time.

November 1 was made memorable by the presence of one of our distinguished alumni, The Most Reverend John G. Bennett, D. D., Bishop of Lafayette, Ind. On the feast of All Saints Bishop Bennett offered the Pontifical Mass for the community and student body and also preached the sermon. This was His Excellency's first visit to his Alma Mater since his elevation to the episcopacy last January, and in fact his first visit since his ordination in June of 1914. His Excellency expressed surprise and satisfaction at the tremendous growth and expansion of the Abbey and Seminary since his student days. After dinner in the Abbey refectory Bishop Bennett spoke to the community, recalling some episodes of his seminary days. In the evening he also addressed the seminarians concerning present day problems of the Church. We were all happy to have good Bishop Bennett with us and hope that he will not wait too long before paying us another visit.

Death deprived us on November 8 of one of our most venerable monks,

Father Mark Meyer, O.S.B., for the past fifteen years pastor of the parish at Fulda, Ind. Father Mark, who was dear to all because of his big white beard, his gentle speech and kind manners, left us for heaven in the seventy-fifth year of his age and the forty-seventh of his priesthood. His death occurred at St. Joseph's Infirmary, Louisville, Ky., at nine o'clock in the morning of Nov. 8. Father had gone to the hospital to undergo an operation for gall bladder trouble. Though the operation itself was successful Father Mark was never able to recover his strength fully. His inability to take or retain nourishment led to a gradual weakening and finally death.

Father Mark was born at Mariah Hill, Ind., the parish adjacent to St. Meinrad, on Aug. 7, 1870. In those days the place was still known by its German name of "Maria Hilf," or "Mary Help" in honor of the patroness of the parish "Mary, Help of Christians." In September, 1886, Albert Mever, as he was then called. entered the seminary at St. Meinrad to study for the holy priesthood. Seven years later he was professed as a member of the Abbey, receiving as his name in religion that of Mark. His ordination took place on June 4, 1898, and on the following day he offered his First Mass at his home parish. For one year after his ordination Father served as professor in the seminary. He was then assigned to work on the Abbey farm as Assistant Procurator, a position which he held until 1914, when he took over complete supervision of the farm work. During the years 1898 to 1916 he also served as pastor of the parish at New Boston, Ind., but with residence at St. Meinrad. On Sept. 11, 1916, Father Mark went to Jasper, Ind., to become Assistant at St. Joseph's Parish. It was there that he celebrated his Silver Jubilee as priest in June of 1923. In September of the same year he was transferred to St. Ferdinand Parish, Ferdinand, Ind. Since July, 1930, he served as pastor of St. Boniface Church, Fulda, Ind.

parish church at Fulda on Saturday, Nov. 10. In the absence of Father Abbot, Father Prior Placidus was



Father Mark Meyer, O.S.B.

celebrant of the Solemn Mass of Requiem. A number of Fathers from the Abbey were at hand to join with the visiting monsignori and secular clergy in the recitation of

Funeral services were held in the the Office of the Dead before the Mass. After Mass the Very Rev. Theodore Vollmer, Dean of the Tell City District, addressed the congregation in the name of the Most Rev. Joseph E. Ritter, Archbishop of Indianapolis, who could not be present. Despite the rainy weather a large group of parishioners and relatives accompanied the body from Fulda to St. Meinrad. Services were held in the Abbey Church at 1:00 P.M., followed by burial in the Abbey Cemetery.

> In Father Mark's death the parish at Fulda has lost a beloved pastor and the Abbey a devoted and saintly monk. We kindly recommend his soul to the prayers of our readers.

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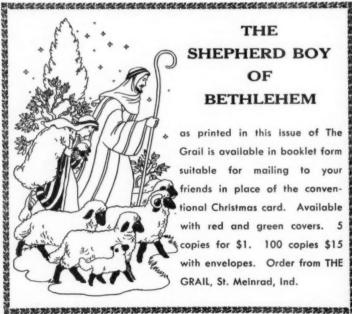
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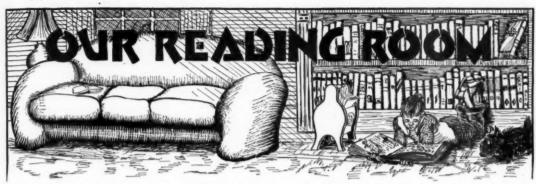
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Father Malachy, assistant at St. Benedict's Parish, Evansville, Ind., is suffering from the ill effects of a ruptured lung, which almost cost him his life. At the present time he seems to be progressing nicely. The doctor thinks his recovery almost miraculous. Father has great hopes that he will be able to leave the hospital within a few more weeks.



## THE SHEPHERD BOY OF **BETHLEHEM**

as printed in this issue of The Grail is available in booklet form suitable for mailing to your friends in place of the conventional Christmas card. Available with red and green covers. 5 copies for \$1. 100 copies \$15 with envelopes. Order from THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.



BEHOLD YOUR KING By Florence Marvyne Bauer Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.75

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HERE is a new novel with a biblical background, and it is not just another second-rate imitation of Lloyd Douglas's The Robe. It is only natural for the average reader of best sellers to think of Behold Your King and The Robe in the same breath, but the similarities are only superficial. As a literary work and a novel The Robe is superior to this new book; Douglas's Robe is more readable because the pace of the story is faster. But here the superiority of The Robe ends.

Behold Your King is more authentic as a religious novel, and certainly more accurate as an historical novel, more faithful to the gospel verities and more reverent than The Robe or any of the poor imitations of it that have appeared of late on the literary horizon.

The refreshing feature of this book is that it represents Christ as He really is. In the most interesting way the personality of Christ is revealed by degrees as He is seen and recognized by the hero of the story, Jonathan ben Simeon, ben Ezra. At first Christ appears to Jonathan and the disciples of the Lord as a great rabbi and teacher, then as a prophet and miracle worker, and at last as Someone above man and One with God.

The plot of the story centers around the characters of Jonathan and his uncle, Joseph of Arimathea in whose noble soul takes place a dramatic struggle between loyalty

to the Jewish tradition of the Pharisees and conviction that Christ is the Messias. There is a minor love theme concerning Jonathan and the Lady Elizabeth of the House of Chuza. This romance the author carries to a happy conclusion with excellent taste and restraint. All in all, except for its inferior literary quality, Miss Bauer's novel surpasses the watered-down story of Christ as set forth in The Robe where we are left holding our breath as to who Christ is, after all.

In Behold Your King we find the friends and disciples of Christ one by one making practically the same confession of faith as that of Saint Peter when he said before the twelve: "We have come to know and to believe that Thou art Christ the Son of the Living God."

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

THE FLOWERING TREE Caryll Houselander Sheed & Ward \$2.00

"THE Flowering Tree" is just the lovely little plant you are wanting to fill out that corner plot in your spiritual life. It is simple enough to fit into anybody's landscape, yet comely enough to enhance the beauty of even the most complete.

This is not a hybrid exotic; though its kind is lamentably scarce, it is in all respects a homegrown variety that thrives best right here at home in the warm climate of Christian souls. It is, however, a grafted variety developed by a genius called Houselander. Presumably it was perfected by grafting a bud of lyricism on the

hardy stock of Christian truth. This combination is nearly natural and brings all the favorable "dominants" to a focus of great beauty, thus achieving a flowering branch of bright blossoms so simply arranged that the light shines as clearly and felicitously on each and washes the eye of the mind with the uncomplicated freshness of its charm.

There is not only the beauty of the flowers, but also the simple beauty (little realistic sketches) of the leaves. The over-all simplicity recommends itself for replacement of that crowded nook; the grandeur of this freshness could well dominate a skimpy, poorly arranged plot—it will certainly merit a place in your scenery scheme no matter how refined your taste or meager your experience.

For instance, let us picture for you the blending of this worthy with various settings. Perhaps your garden has a vista of devotion to the Incarnation formed by the arboring arch of a trellis, bower, or pergola of special preference for Christ's Humanity. Fancy, then, this objective viewed down such a perspective as presented by the "Flowering Tree" in picturing Christ:

"He dawned on the people; He did not take them by storm; soft as the blown thistledown's

the seed of the Word was sown."
It points to this as the "secret of God":

"He has vested Himself for His Mass in the rags of our nature,

and we are vested in Him."

And again: "God abides in men because Christ has put on the nature of man like a garment and worn it to His own shape."

Here is another striking but unusual view:

"He is in the world as a man's heart is in his breastalmost forgotten until a lover lays her head on the piteous ribs of the cage of bone and hears the mysterious beat of the pulse of life."

Or perhaps you are looking for some accessories to give a sharp relief to the seclusion of your sunken garden? Here is a deft and beautiful highlighting of some simple, realistic pictures:

... a ray of the sun comes down. It is a white finger of light, pointing to life. After Mass:

"In the Church, welling like water rising in a grey stone well, silence gathers.

Then too, here are two prominent ways that "The Flowering Tree" could centralize the background for an exedra of contemplation: "It is the hour of the Offices of the

Church: the music of David's harp, the majesty of the Psalms, that have worn the rocks of the intellect of the world to smooth channels to bear the rivers of Light to unsounded seas. It points up the Holy Ghost as: "Breath of the Wind that blows wherever it will, ruffling the rags of life a little."

And in the modern man: "the Holy Ghost is a poor little bird in a cage, Who never sings and never opens His wings yet never, never desires to be gone away."

Suffice it in conclusion to suggest here just a few of the many ways that every nook and contour of your garden can be improved by this delightful little shrub (for such it is and not really a tree at all, but growing close to the earth and bringing out its beauties thereby):

Fence railings are "rows of black spears, hedging the green grass from the sweet benediction of children's feet."

Christian optimism "will put off his body, like the poor, dejected coat that he hates."

For he is just one of those people who are

"poor little birds in a cage, sitting behind the bars!"

Mary, God's Mother, looking on a corpse in the coffin, "Sees but a child in a cradle. waiting for the morning to wake it.

And yet the final is not the finest: an old woman of Bruges saying her Rosary.

"Her mind, like a velvet bee droning over a rose, gathers the honey of comfort from the story of God ...

But it gives you an idea of the nature of the fruit that can be "The Flowering gathered from Tree."

Basil Mattingly, O.S.B.

## A LION IS IN THE STREETS By Adrian Locke Langley Whittlesey House \$3.00

THIS is the absorbing tale of a swamp-peddler, Hank Martin, from the back bayous of Louisiana, whose meteoric rise to political dictatorship of a state was made possible by Hank's "kindlin power" to make men and women love him and trust their dreams to him. Langley's novel is as interesting a study of the makings of a modern dictator as has ever been served to the reader of current fiction. That the novelist derived her inspiration from the life of the late Huey Long is obvious although the story parallels Long's career only in part.

Hank Martin's whirlwind courtship and marriage of the highprincipled Yankee school mistress, Verity Wade, began on a note of idyllic emotional happiness, and ended abruptly on the steps of the state capitol with an assassin's bullet. For Verity Martin Hank's ardent love and the domestic downto-earthness of her humble sharecropper's cabin was enough. But in the soul of her half-illiterate husband flamed a fierce ambition that reading for adults only. swept his family through sixteen

The miserable young man without years of political strife to the governor's mansion; perhaps nowhere in the novel does Hank Martin's insatiable lust for power find more pathetic expression than when he stands finally in view of his newly completed state capitol and with his arm around Verity, murmurs into her ear: "Lookit there. Sweetface-lookit there-ain't that purely a thing a'beauty, though! There it is, Sweetface, the pinnacle I been a-climbin to, all marble and shinin'! ... But now I look at it, I see it ain't big enough nor high enough to' satisfy Hank Martin ... No. sir. Verity, I see now I gotta climb to that round glitterin' dome in Washington. I purely have."

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The story opens with Verity Martin, the Magnolia State's First Lady sitting numbly beside the radio listening to the radio tribute of Saber Milady to the "lion in the streets," whose body lies in state in front of the capitol which he built. As Saber colorfully reviews the amazing rise to power of Hank Martin -Verity relives her sixteen years with Hank, years punctuated with moments only of ecstatic love, days of simple domestic joys, and years of unease, growing disillusionment and fear as she saw through Hank's noisy pretenses of love for the common people; sees his ruthless drive to power even over the bodies of murdered men and disgraceful bribes; sees finally the intent of Hank Martin to be a dominating "lion in the streets" threatening the freedom of an old and proud commonwealth.

Verity can find no bitterness in her heart towards her husband's assassin, for he was, she believed, the tool of the people's judgment which Hank deserved because he had misused the "kindlin power" God had endowed him with, and was leading the people not to freedom but blindly into a pit. There is a rugged honesty and virility in this story unspoiled by the obscenity one has learned to expect in a best seller. However, the hero's consistent use of coarse language as well as the apparent condoning of assassination makes this novel fit

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

## THE SPLENDOR OF THE ROSARY

By Maisie Ward Sheed and Ward

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SOMEONE once remarked that only the very wise and the very simple were able to enter the cave of Bethlehem and contemplate the mystery of the Incarnation there. These qualifications hold for all the mysteries of the life of our Lord. Whether yours is the simple wisdom of the shepherds or the wise simplicity of the Magi, or of any degree between, you will find some appeal and profit in "The Splendor of the Rosary."

In four introductory chapters, the author explains the rosary, gives an appreciation of the works of Fra Angelico whose pictures illustrate the mysteries, discusses the composition of the rosary and its settlement into its present form, and gives a simple exposition of the theory of the rosary. Particularly attractive in this section of the book are the numerous, beautiful quotations from saints and lovers of our Blessed Mother's rosary. However, the take-off on Ruskin's appreciation of Fra Angelico seems to have needed quite a bit of stretching to bring it within the scope of the book.

The treatment of the mysteries of the Rosary is simple yet very rich. First there is a painting by Fra Angelico depicting the scene, then a brief explanation of the picture. The Biblical narration of the event fixes the mystery still more vividly and provides a wealthy source for meditation. The author then writes her own considerations, practical, pointed thoughts designed to make the mystery real and applicable to personal living. These are varied: some pretty, some very striking, some very feminine. Finally, each mystery ends with a prayer composed by Caryll Houselander; those who like her bold, delicate phrases will like these prayers.

All those features added to the attractiveness of the makeup of the book itself insure the attainment of the author's purpose "to help people to love the rosary." The work should have a wide appeal among Catholics and even among sympathetic non-Catholics. It might even

be recommended to Santa Claus; his distinctions, e.g., that God is a friends would appreciate it.

Louis Trawalter, S.M.

## WHISPERINGS TO GOD

By Fr. Stephen Sweeney, C.P. \$1.50

IN THIS book of 141 pages there are 256 logically and compactly developed themes covering the whole gamut of problems of ordinary life. The book could be greatly improved by the introduction of a good index -which is present in no form whatever. The themes do not follow in a purposeful sequence; there is no alphabetical grouping, no conjunction of associated topics. But Father Sweeney has given us a good meditation book, not narrowed by subjective sentiment. His "Whisperings" are the efforts of the prompter setting right the actor on the stage of life.

When we read a book, we would rather have truth presented to us so that we can make whatever application is needed. Because the book is of that nature we would restrict its readers to those who guide others or who are able to guide their own lives by reason. Often a halfpage theme contains the whole structure for a short sermon or essay, not in a flash of epigram that flatters the vanity of the mind, and on the other hand not in a cold, syllogistic presentation. The reader can get much profit from some of

his distinctions, e.g., that God is a consuming and not a destroying fire (page 39); or the characterization of Judas as "sad" and Peter as "sorrowful" (page 17).

Frequently throughout the book there are breaks in the themes, and the author gives practical points always grouped in numbers of seven: "Seven Whisperings of the Devil," "Seven Remedies for Domestic Peace," "Seven Ways of Making Christmas Truly Happy." The problem and solution of suffering is one of the favorite themes of the author. "God does not delight in seeing us suffer. But He does delight in seeing suffering ennoble us" (page 76). The consuming love of God, to which we have referred above, is a fine Whisper. If one heart could contain all the strength of all the hearts of the world, unless God sustained it that heart would die of joy on beholding one of God's perfections (page 111). God is our goal. "Our present state is exile; we are on our way home. Surely it is of the utmost prudence to prepare by the practice of virtue for our eternal habitation" (page 70). We can prepare by giving "Seven Priceless Gifts Which Cost Us Little:" (page 7)

1. A happy face, a kindly smile.

A gentle manner, a thoughtful act.

An impatience suppressed, a cheerful word.

 A grateful acknowledgment for trifling services.

5. Service without looking for gratitude.

Honestly acknowledging that we are unprofitable servants.

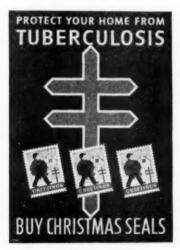
 Willingly sharing our blessings with others."
 Martin Sprug, O.S.B.

ROPED AND TIED

M. M. Wirries, publisher Phoenix, Arizona. \$1.25

The gifted author of this little book of poems has given to the public not another anthology of verses about any place or anybody at all, but has in swift and rhythmic beauty sketched the American Southwest. The book gets its title from her first poem, the story of the "toughest hombre it was ever my lot to know,"

There wasn't a man he couldn't lick Nor a critter he couldn't ride—



But a little blue-eyed woman Has got him roped and tied."

Her verses are full of pathos, and her lines pregnant with simple truth such as the three stanzas entitled "Canal Shack" picturing a superior white woman riding past a little Mexican shanty with dirty children playing out in front, a man dozing in the sun, a faded woman washing the clothes while she hums a song as the hours go by:

Queridos pabres! who laugh and sing!

Teach the poor woman riding by. Teach the poor woman in silk and lace

Teach the poor woman whose eyes are sad.

Show her that poverty has grace That knows the secret of being glad.

Guitars that tinkle when day is done!

Laughter that ripples about the

Share your joy with the passing one You are so rich and she so poor!

The writer is in love with the beauty of the desert, and the old Indian squaws from whose gnarled fingers come the exquisite loveliness of a crude pottery bowl encrusted with rare designs and colors. In "Sidewalk Bargain" we see just such an old Indian holding up her handwrought pottery to the inspection of a lorgnetted tourist lady who haggles over the poor price of fifty cents:

Oh, the pottery bowl is a beauteous thing!

It must have been born in a poet heart,

Fashioned of dreams and thoughts that sing

Songs of a desert world apart.

Lorgnetted lady of cultured mind, If such came forth from that grimy claw What other beauty might you find Deep in the heart of that poor old squaw?

The poet pokes fun at us through her verses like the one about the shopping Cowman who

dwelt among men and horses Battled the wind, the sun and the

Dared to match might with nature's forces—

You who have never flinched from pain. Surely that woman is most unfeel-

ing
Who sends you so far from the

haunts of men, Through lingerie aisles, shamefaced stealing, ti

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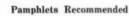
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To buy a pair of hose, size ten!

The author has a singing heart; she does not hesitate to sing about little things, homely things, like Canal shacks, and old Indian pottery, and chili and beans; that is why we like her poetry; it is Catholic for it is full of song and the love of little people.

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.



MAKING THE STATIONS WITH JESUS

By Fr. Maurice St. Julien, C.P. Cooperative Press 7101 Natural Bridge Road St. Louis, Mo.

This is a devotional booklet for Catholics who are not in a hurry and have time to meditate for half an hour. Father St. Julien's meditations and prayers will not embarrass the average Catholic; the prayers are the compositions of a guide of souls who knows the human heart with its trials, its failures, its hopes and despairs. All these everyday experiences the author has brought to each station, and entwined them in a superb way with the suffering of Christ. Perhaps the professed religious may find the prayers too prolix; but for the average Catholic the little booklet may serve as a practical introduction to mental prayer or meditation on the easiest and most elementary of all subjects, The Passion. Father St. Julien's Making The Stations With Jesus is an outstanding contribution to the devotional literature of the day. W.S.

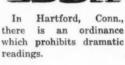




A Connecticut State Law says if a drunken person breaks a street lamp, the one who sold him the liquor must pay for the lamp.



There is a statute in Monroe which specifies that there be plenty of light seen between a couple while they are dancing.





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## STRANGE GIFT

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By Mary Ellen Kelly

I don't remember when it was given to me, this gift of faith. There was no special occasion as I recall, no fancy ribbons, no card saying, "To Mary, with love." For a long time I thought this present was gratis, that It required nothing more than polite acceptance. This misconception ended abruptly when a friend lost this same gift with no trouble

Wisely we insure our valuable possessions, sometimes at great cost, against fire, theft, and loss. Vaults are obtained for precious stones and imitations are made for public display. And what protection does our rarest possession receive—that which has no substitute? A nickel's worth, maybe! We expose it to the greatest risks, bad company, worthless and obscene literature, indulgent appetites, and faulty excuses. Soon this priceless treasure is flung back into the Face of the Giver.

Strange gift, faith. The difference between darkness and light, despair and hope. The key and answer to life and suffering and love, a gift worth keeping. . . .





"Standing by the cross of Jesus . . Mary of Cleophas."-St. John 19:25

STONE-SEALED TOMBS

ARY, the wife (or mother) of Cleophas, and sister-in-law of the Blessed Virgin Mary—"his mother's sister"—stood at the deathbed of the Savior on Good Friday. We may presume that she went with the other holy women to view the tomb on Easter Sunday, for St. Luke tells us that "the women who had come with Jesus from Galilee" formed the funeral procession to the tomb, saw how His body was laid, and then went back and prepared spices and ointments. But on the first day of the week they came to visit the shut-in body of Jesus but did not find it. His risen body can on longer be confined to space, closed doors are no longer a hindrance to its entrance into a room.

But there are other shut-ins, who long for a visit by other Marys who, like another angel, will roll away the stone from their hearts, wherein all joy and comfort are buried, that they also may rise to a life of new hope, and hope of a new life. Whether far or near, these can be reached by a cheerful letter that will prolong its visit indefinitely at the bedside of the suffering one, without any loss of time or inconvenience to you. The vital spark of such a letter is that someone cares for the lonely, afflicted one. This apostolate of encouragement pays royal dividends. From the bedside of a shut-in come these lines: "God bless you, is the prayer of a sick woman. I am shut in now eight years, and I thank you (for your letthe prayer of a sick woman. I am stut in now eight years, and I thank you (for your letter). Our Lord was the same—kind to widows and orphans... God bless you from the bottom of my heart, is the prayer of a poor old woman. All I can do is say a Rosary for you daily. This I promise you for your kindness to me a stranger." Yes, kindness pays dividends on the smallest installment.



"Questions which require a personal answer should be enclosed with self addressed envelope and mailed to Question Box—The Grail."

ON TELESCOPING MASSES

Does a person hear Mass if he comes late for one Mass and stays for the first part of the next Mass?

—Kentucky.

No. Such a person misses Mass. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is not like a moving picture where you can come in for the last scene of the feature attraction, and then remain until you see the whole show; the Mass is an integral and whole sacrifice with three principal parts. To fulfill one's obligation of assisting at Holy Mass on Sunday one must be present at the Offertory, Consecration and Communion of the same Mass. Our obligation of assisting at Mass requires our presence at the Mass from the moment the priest begins the prayers at the foot of the altar until he finishes the last Gospel. Courtesy demands that we arrive before the Mass begins and remain until the priest leaves the sanctuary.

#### HOW TO READ BEST SELLERS

In regard to the books of today like Leave Her to Heaven and other sex books should Catholics read them?—If one should happen to begin a book of that kind should one put it aside when one discovers an immoral passage?—Illinois.

Catholics who lean over backward to keep posted on the latest best seller literature seldom gain anything from such reading except remorse of conscience, or at best a regret over the loss of precious time. The book which you mention, Leave Her to Heaven by Ben Ames Williams has been rated by The Cathedral Book Club of Chicago, Ill., as unobjectionable for adults. This rating is in no sense of the word a recommendation, but only a judgment by Catholic literary critics that this book is unsuitable reading

except for the mature person. It is certainly not a book that should be given to children or to immature youths.

Since the perusal of allegedly immoral passages affects individuals differently we can only recommend that you follow your own conscience; if you find that the reading of such passages stimulates you to the point of serious temptation against chastity or faith, then put the book aside. It is better to deny your morbid curiosity in this case than to introduce thoughts into your mind which undermine purity of heart.

Not all best seller fiction is bad: if you are a conscientious person who loves to read interesting books. I would suggest that you subscribe to the Bi-weekly Review, "Best Sellers" published at the library of the University of Scranton, Scranton, Pennsylvania. This excellent semi-monthly review service has the approval of the Most Rev. William Hafey, D.D., bishop of Scranton. Its first purpose is to evaluate in the light of Catholic morality, doctrine and history, the most popular works of fiction and non-fiction. This review is in its fifth year and its increasing value is shown by the fact that its subscribers come from every state in the Union, Canada, South America, England, Ireland, Australia, the Phillipines, etc. Write to BEST SELLERS, University of Scranton, Scranton 3, Pa. The subscription price is \$2.00 a year.

## THE CHILD OF THOSE TEARS

Is it the rule of the Catholic Church that one give up one's son if that son gave up his Catholic religion at the time of his marriage? Don't you think that it would be wiser to be kind and to pray for his return to his faith?—Kentucky.

There is only one rule for the Catholic parent whose son has left the Church, and that rule is to do violence to heaven by prayer and penance until the heart of that son is converted. If St. Monica had believed in such an un-Christian rule as that which you mention she would never have had the happiness of witnessing the conversion of her wayward son, who later became Saint Augustine. And, of course, there might never have been a Saint Monica without the impelling desire in her life to save the soul of her dear son. I believe that it was St. Ambrose, bishop of Milan, who once said to Monica as she wept over her son in the bishop's presence: "Be of good heart; the child of those tears will not perish."

SORROW FOR SIN IN THE DYING
If a dying person, unable to speak,

is in the state of mortal sin, would sorrow for sin ensure his forgiveness?—Michigan.

Even if a Catholic were not dying, and were perfectly able to confess his sins fluently, sorrow for sin is all that would ensure his forgiveness. A dying man may be excused from making a confession because he can no longer speak, but he is never excused from being sorry for his sins at least in his heart. If a speechless dying man sends up to God a sincere act of sorrow for his sins, a sorrow that springs from love of God and regret for having deeply offended Him, such a sorrow would ensure forgiveness. As a matter of charity we owe it to the dying to remain beside them and help them to make such an act of sorrow. I do not believe that there is on this earth an act of charity so excellent and wonderful.

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## BROTHER MEINRAD HELPS

An ulcer on the eyeball was cured and an operation averted by Brother Meinrad's help.

S. S. D. (N. Y.)

After praying for seven years for a favor I finally obtained it after turning to Brother Meinrad. He also granted me two other very special favors.

E. S. (Ind.)

I wish to report the cure of an infection of my baby's eyes. The doctor who treated them sent me to a specialist and recommended an operation. Through the intercession of Brother Meinrad, the eyes became miraculously normal over night.

H. K. (Calif.)

Enclosed is a Mass offering in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad for the special favors obtained through his intercession.

J. R. P. (III.)

Thanks to Brother Meinrad financial aid has been received from several sources, enabling us to make arrangements to buy a home.

A. H. M. (Conn.)

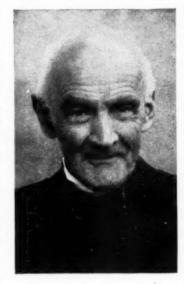
One morning I read in the paper that a minesweeper had been sunk in the Pacific, but no name was published. I went immediately to Mass and prayed to Brother Meinrad. That afternoon I learnt that the ship was the one my husband was Again I prayed to Brother Meinrad. Three days later I received a letter saying my husband didn't receive even a scratch, and a month later he was back in the States, sooner than he would otherwise have been. Only seven officers got off the ship alive, so I feel that it was really a miracle.

R. F. M. (Ala.)

After searching two and a halfyears for an apartment, I prayed to Brother Meinrad and now have the apartment I wanted.

T. H. (Tenn.)

A one-time fervent Catholic girl had fallen away from the Church and there seemed little likelihood of her conversion. Then—in her own words—"Then one day I picked up a copy of The Grail and saw Brother Meinrad's picture looking at me from one of the pages. Some



The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., was a member of Maria Einsiedeln Abbey in Switzerland. There he died in 1925 highly respected by his confreres for his virtuous life. His cause for heatification has been introduced at Rome, and THE GRAIL is the chosen organ for bringing his cause to the knowledge of American Catholics. A picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer for his canonization may be procured by sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

### MONTHLY NOVENA

15th to 23rd

All who wish their petitions or intentions prayed for, please send them in to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana before the 15th of the month. A Novena of Masses will be offered each month for the glorification and canonization of Brother Meinrad and for all the intentions sent in.

In order to make Brother Meinrad better known a booklet of stamps to be used on envelopes and packages can be obtained for ten cents from THE GRAIL, \$7. MEINRAD, INDIANA.

feeling of remorse overcame me as I looked at him and two months later I returned to the Church, but even then my life seemed little changed. I prayed frequently to Brother Meinrad to help me, but the miracle came when I had a Mass offered for his canonization." The rest of the letter indicates the joy of the penitent writer at being again in the fold. T. R. L. (Maryland)

My boy who was brought to trial for something he was innocent of was released when we prayed to Brother Meinrad. S. L. (Mass.)

The doctors had despaired of the life of my brother. He was critically ill with an ulcerated stomach. We prayed to Brother Meinrad and without any operation he became almost instantly well and is now back at work.

S. C. (Ind.)

Twice today certain things happened which I am convinced happened only because Brother Meinrad was on hand to help guide my affairs into the proper channels. J. G. (Pa.)

A fish bone that had lodged in my throat came free after I had said a prayer to Brother Meinrad.

M. G. (Ohio)

I promised publication and a donation to Brother Meinrad if my little boy was cured. He was. Anon. (Ind.)

The enclosed offering is in thanksgiving for favor obtained through Brother Meinrad. D.H.B. (Texas)

I placed my brother in the Armed Forces under Brother Meinrad's protection. Though he was in a dangerous place during the bulge last winter, he is now safely home. An "88" came within 75 feet of him and landed without exploding. His company was called the Lucky 26th.

T. C. (Ind.)

I promised a thanksgiving publication for a very special favor obtained from Brother Meinrad. This is only one of the many times that he has helped me. M. D. (Ind.)

Living quarters were found after appealing to Brother Meinrad.

Anon. (N. Y.)

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## FOR

# CHRISTMAS



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